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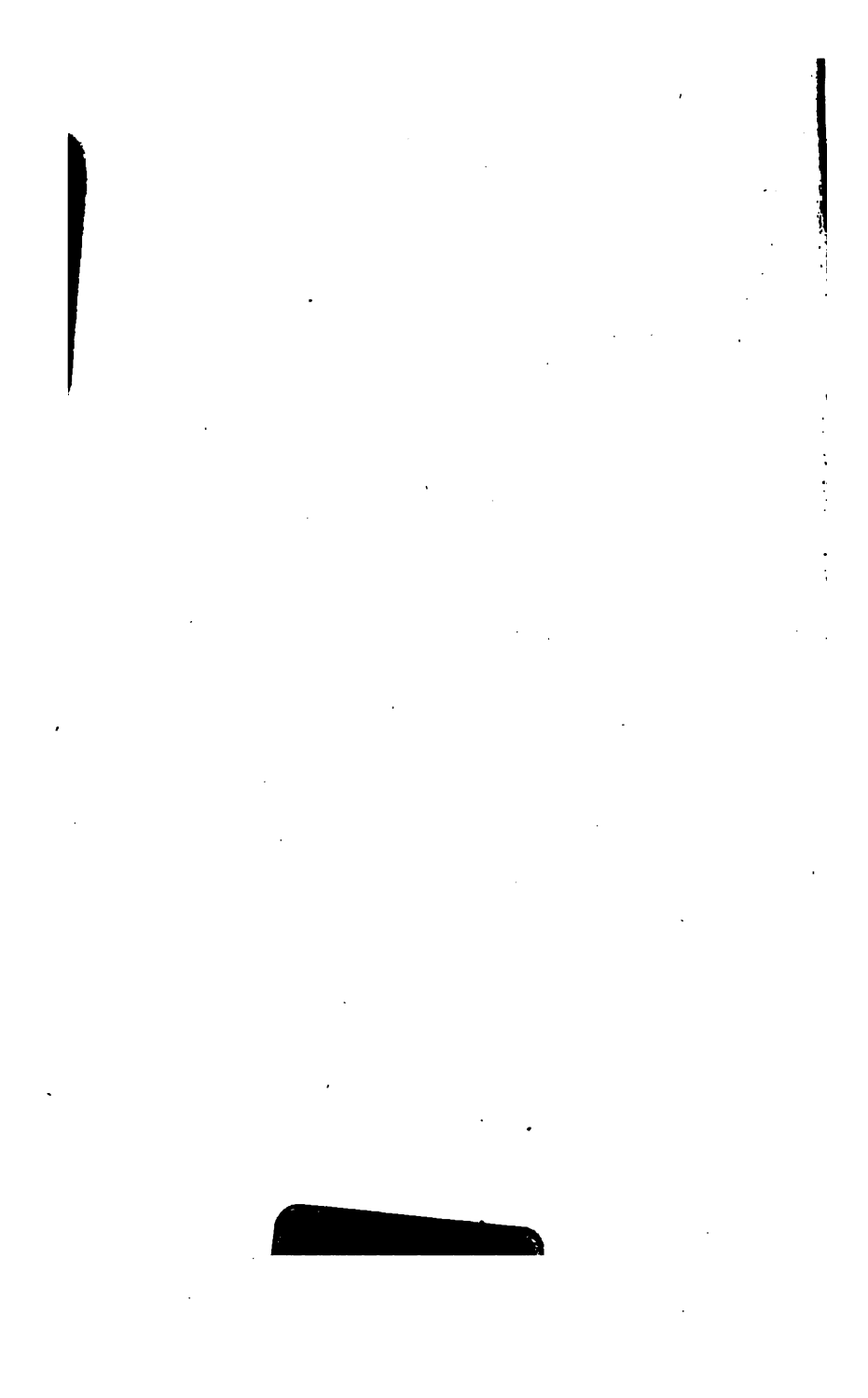
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Thomas Moore

J. M. W. McKim

1871





Thomas Hay

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

WITH A MEMOIR.

VOL. I.



BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Poems of Moore have been printed according to the edition collected by himself. A more consistent arrangement has, however, been adopted, and some notes to the earlier pieces have been omitted. Serving, originally, but little purpose, except to swell the size of the volume, it seems proper to dispense with them when an increase of bulk would be inconvenient. More might be done in this way to the advantage of the reader.

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR	vii-lxx
PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME	3
ODES OF ANACREON TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE	21
REMARKS ON ANACREON	33
ODES	61
EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA	148
JUVENILE POEMS	155

[A more particular Index will be found at the end of the Fifth Volume.]

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MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Aungier street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779. His father, who was originally a grocer by business, and was afterwards made barrack-master at Dublin, appears to have been in no way remarkable. His mother was a very intelligent and devoted woman, and richly deserved the enthusiastic affection with which her son ever regarded her. Both his parents were amiable characters, and fond of social pleasures. The poet's youth was in all respects a most happy one, and he attributed to the cheerful circumstances which surrounded his childhood, that spirit of enjoyment and good temper which he retained nearly to the close of a long life. Moore was the pride of the family for his natural quickness, and almost as soon as he could speak, they made him a sort of *show* child. A talent for recitation and acting, which he manifested very early, and which his mother had done much to cultivate, was warmly encouraged by the master of the grammar school at

he, in March, 1807, "much more than I write, and think much more than either." And in the following April: "I begin, at last, to find out that *politics* is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better even to *rebel* against government, than have nothing at all to do with it; so I am writing politics: but all I fear is, that . . . I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason*." The reference here is apparently to the Satires, "Corruption" and "Intolerance," which were published without the author's name, in 1808, and followed by "The Sceptic," in 1809. But a far more important occupation during this period, was the composition of the first numbers of the Irish Melodies. The publication of these beautiful lyrics, upon which Moore very discriminatingly rested his hopes of enduring fame, was begun in 1807, and continued at intervals until 1834.

Moore's taste for the stage was now destined to have an influence on his fortunes that he little anticipated. A private theatre had been established at Kilkenny, in 1802, by Mr. Richard Power, and performances were continued annually, with few interruptions, until 1819. The female parts were filled by professional actresses, with Miss O'Neil at their head: the male characters by gentlemen amateurs, and one of the most successful among these last, in the years 1809, 1810, was Moore. At that time, three daughters of a Mr. Dyke, an actor on the Irish stage, were playing with the company,

and the youngest (Elizabeth) performed repeatedly, in the autumn of 1809, the part of *Lady Godiva*, to Moore's *Peeping Tom*. Moore fell in love with this young lady, who was only seventeen years of age, extremely attractive in person, and irreproachable in character, and on the 25th of March, 1811, they were married at London, very privately and without the knowledge of the bridegroom's family. The secret was not revealed to them for two months, the imprudence of such a step under Moore's circumstances, and, probably, also, the social position of the lady, making him reluctant to announce the fact to his rather ambitious mother. Neither of these reasons, however, prevented Moore's London friends from receiving his wife with great cordiality. They lived for some time after their marriage in Bury street, St. James's, from which place the fourth number of the *Irish Melodies* is dated in November, 1811. The opera of *M. P. or The Blue Stocking*, was produced the month before this. It had very little success, and Moore finally acquiesced in the judgment of the public, so far as to omit this piece from his collected works, with the exception of a few songs, among which is one of his best and most popular, "To sigh, yet feel no pain."

From Bury street, the young married pair removed to Queen's Elm, Brompton, where their first child, Barbara, was born, in February, 1812. In the following spring they took a small cottage at Kegworth, Leicestershire, near enough to Doning-

ton to make the library accessible. The liberal terms offered Moore by the Powers for his songs—five hundred a year for seven years, and as much longer as he chose—afforded him the means of living comfortably for a while, independent of patronage. Whatever hopes he still continued to cherish of political preferment, were soon sacrificed by his own act. Early in 1812, he began his famous satirical attacks on the Prince and his adherents, with a parody on the Regent's letter to the Duke of York. This he followed up with a running fire of pungent lampoons, which diverted the town exceedingly, but did not advance the poet in the graces of the powerful persons who were satirized. Accordingly, when Lord Moira, through the influence of the Prince Regent, received the offer of the Governor-generalship of India, from a ministry whose principles were antagonistic to his own, he was in no condition to stipulate for a provision for the man who had made both the Prince and the ministers the objects of unsparing personal ridicule. His lordship as good as told Moore that he could do nothing for him. The poet was much chagrined at this effectual extinction of his hopes, and was at first disposed to complain, but he seems very soon to have become convinced that his early friend was deficient in ability to serve him, rather than in good-will.


Up to this time, Moore had not been closely connected with any political faction, though his symp-

thies were, of course, with the Whigs. The sharp attacks on the Prince Regent, just spoken of, were prompted quite as much by private disappointment, as by the warmth of political zeal. But whatever was the spirit which inspired them, they could not fail to be highly agreeable to the Whigs, (then in violent opposition,) and the brilliant society of Holland House received them with great applause. Associating here on terms of intimacy with all the leaders of the Liberal party, it was inevitable that Moore should be drawn into active combination with them. He enlisted in the Whig service as a sort of light skirmisher, and during twenty-five years was an occasional contributor to the Chronicle and the Times of squibs and pasquinades, unsurpassed in their kind for smartness and wit. The author and his friends claim that they were also marked by their good-humor and their freedom from serious malice; but this does not seem to have been the impression of the parties who were reflected on, and a candid reader at the present day will find many of them illiberal, and some scurrilous. There was something discreditable in this business which cannot be got over, and Moore must have been aware of it. If party spirit be some apology for systematic lampooning, hire and salary is not. We find his own view of the subject expressed in his Diary, 1818, December 17. "Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and

the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings *a little money* without trouble."

In the spring of 1813, appeared the first collection of Moore's small satires, the Twopenny Post Bag. It was very much read, and went through fourteen editions in about a year. In March, his second daughter, Anastasia, was born, "a little girl about the size of a twopenny wax doll," and three or four months after this he removed to Mayfield Cottage, near the pretty town of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.

The three years which Moore passed at Ashbourne, were notable for the production of the romance of Lalla Rookh. As early as 1812, he had conceived the design of writing a poem on some Oriental subject, the suggestion having been originally made by Mr. Rogers. In pursuance of this plan, he devoted himself very industriously to the study of the scenery, modes of life, and religion of the East, for the purpose of forming a storehouse of appropriate illustrations, and securing general truthfulness in matters of fact. Having gone through with the whole range of such Oriental reading as was accessible, he set to work at the end of 1814, and before he had hardly begun his task succeeded in making most advantageous terms with the Longmans. On putting into their hands a poem of the length of Rokeby, he was to receive from



them 3,000*l*. For a long time after concluding this agreement, little progress was made. Several stories were begun and dropped, and the result of these experiments was discouraging; when the poet luckily hit upon the idea of founding a story on the struggles between the Persian Fire Worshippers and their Moslem masters — a theme recommended by a certain element of popularity, from its obvious bearing on the condition of the Irish Catholics.* In the intervals of more important labors, Moore continued the *Irish Melodies*, wrote the *Sacred Songs*, and now and then furnished a lively article to the *Edinburgh Review*. A month after the removal to Mayfield, another child was born, Olivia, but she died in her eighth month. This was the only misfortune that saddened that cottage. While they lived there, Moore seems to have been tolerably free from anxieties about money, and the excellent prospects he had on the completion of his poem kept him in the best spirits.

In the spring of 1817, the family left Ashbourne for Hornsey, Middlesex, and in the month of May, *Lalla Rookh* was given to the world. The poem met with extraordinary success: a second edition was required within a fortnight, and six or seven within a year. One third of the sum received from the publishers, Moore devoted to paying off his debts: the rest was left on interest for his father,

* See the Author's Preface to *Lalla Rookh*.


who had lost his place in Dublin, and was living on half-pay. Lalla Rookh being off his hands, he felt relieved of a great responsibility, and thought himself entitled to a holiday. Rogers had offered him a seat in his carriage for a short visit to Paris. The invitation was accepted, and the two poets set off together in July. This was Moore's first sight of Paris. "Paris," says he, "is the most delightful world of a place I ever could have imagined; and, really, if I can persuade Bessy to the measure, it is my intention to come and live here for two or three years." But on his return, after an absence of a month, he lost his oldest child, Barbara, and this plan, if it was ever seriously entertained, was abandoned. Lord Lansdowne had wished Moore to remove to his neighborhood, and instead of taking Bessy to Paris, he took her to Sloperton, a cottage in the vicinity of the Lansdowne estate, "a small thatched cottage, and *furnished*, for 40*l.* a year." Thither they went in October, 1817, and here he was to end his days. As soon as he was well established in this new home, Moore set to work on *The Fudge Family* in Paris, a series of satirical letters, intended to expose the absurdities of those travelling English, who, having been long confined within the island by war, were now flocking to the Continent in swarms. They fell far short of this object, as the author acknowledges, or rather went far beyond it, one half of them being aimed at Sidmouth and Castlereagh. May 6, 1818, he writes: "I left the Fudges pros-

pering amazingly in town,—five editions in less than a fortnight,—and my share for that time (I go half and half with the Longmans) was three hundred and fifty pounds.”

Just as the Fudge Family in Paris was coming out, Moore was startled by the news of a great misfortune. He had held his Bermuda office now nearly fifteen years, all of this time, except the first few months, by deputy. Though he generally spoke slightly of the place, it appears to have yielded him no inconsiderable returns, and in 1814 we hear of his receiving five hundred pounds in a single remittance. This sum he invested in the funds, expecting, he says, to increase the deposit considerably the next year. When the time comes round he complains of getting “as near nothing as possible.” This made him suspect that his deputy was playing him false, and, indeed, the carelessness which Moore exhibited about the management of the office, as long as he got *something* from it, was a great temptation to a dishonest agent. In April, 1818, information was received from Bermuda that the deputy had embezzled a large sum of money which had been deposited in the registry of the court during an appeal, and Moore was called upon to make restitution to the injured parties. The amount of the defalcation was estimated at 6,000*l.*, but it was finally compromised for a thousand guineas. It is at this period that Moore’s Diary opens, and from this time forth we have a minute account of his

life from day to day, down to the beginning of his illness.

The demands of the Bermuda claimants were resisted by proceedings in court, and pending the decision, Moore appears to have forgotten all causes of anxiety, and to have relaxed neither from his fashionable pleasures, nor his literary pursuits. He had formed the design of writing the life of Sheridan, and having made a bargain with Murray for a thousand guineas, worked at his task pretty regularly, taking every opportunity to obtain information directly from Sheridan's friends and associates. Very little poetry was done meanwhile; a few of the Sacred Songs and a slang epistle, called "Tom Cribb's Memorial," which proved a failure. The round of cottage life was varied by a great many excursions into high society, and in October (1818) by the purely domestic event of the birth of a son. In April, 1819, when the Bermuda case had been a year before the courts, and Moore had, characteristically, "almost forgotten the whole concern," notice was received that the issue of the trial was likely to be unfavorable. For the first time in his life, (and that of a rainy day,) Moore confesses to bad spirits, and absurdly wishes he "had a good cause to die in." The adverse decision was actually given in July, and an attachment was issued, to be carried into effect in two months, against the person of the defendant. Moore was always out of pocket, and always drawing in advance on his publishers, and



was, of course, not prepared to meet this exigency, but he had an abundance of affluent and generous friends who were eager to help him. Rogers, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and others, made cordial offers of assistance that any man might have accepted, without sacrificing his pride of independence. The Longmans volunteered to advance, on account, whatever sum might be required to discharge the whole claim. All such aid was, very capriciously, declined ; with more regard certainly to personal feeling than to the rights of the creditors. It does not seem to have occurred to Moore, (or even to his friends, some of whom were not poets, but men of business,) that he was bound in honor to make good the losses which had been incurred in consequence of his own carelessness. The delicacy which ignores such an accountability, while it cannot brook being under pecuniary obligation to wealthy friends, looks, indeed, like the mere foppery of the world. But it must be remembered that, though the Bermuda office was one of trust, Moore had been allowed to hold it as a sinecure, and as the most obvious duty of a man in such a place is to receive the perquisites, we cannot wonder if he becomes gradually insensible to any other responsibility.*

The term of grace would expire early in Septem-

* A great deal too much has been made of Moore's application to Croker in 1809, for permission to dispose of his Registry to some unobjectionable person who would make it worth

ber, and it was necessary for Moore to take a decided step. Some of his friends proposed that he should secrete himself in England, or take refuge in the reputed sanctuary of Holyrood House. The Longmans advised that he should take a three months' tour on the continent, and pay his expenses with a few Poetical Epistles from the most remarkable places: in the mean while a negotiation was to be opened with his creditors for a reduction of their demands. The persuasions of Lord John Russell, who was himself going to the continent on a short trip, being added to the intrinsic temptations of this plan, easily turned the scale, and leaving his family at Sloperton, Moore crossed over to Paris with his Lordship in the beginning of September. They spent ten days at Paris, Lord John in consulting historical documents, his less serious companion in dining and seeing the theatres, and then proceeded, over the Simplon, to Milan. Here Moore parted with his noble friend, and went to visit Lord Byron, who was then living at Fusina, near Venice, with the Countess Guiccioli. He found Byron fat and frivolous, engaged in writing the third canto of *Don Juan*. Four or five days were spent in seeing Venice, (which disenchanted Moore — "The Rialto so

his while. The transaction would have been illegal, but not more immoral than the original act of appointing a man to an office for which he was utterly unqualified. "*Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint.*" So Moore quotes from Beaumarchais.

mean, the canals so stinking,") and in not very elevated converse with Byron, who appears to have been in his grosser mood. From Venice our poet proceeded to Bologna, and thence to Florence and to Rome. Here he made a stay of three weeks, visiting duly the great sights of the city, under the auspices of Lady Davy, Jackson the painter, Chantrey, and Canova. On the 17th of November, Moore left Rome on his return journey, in company with Jackson and Chantrey. At Florence he sat to Bartolini for his bust, and then went on with his party through Bologna to Milan, and over Mont Cenis to Paris, from which he had been absent about three months.

The incidents of this Italian journey are minutely set down in the Diary, and the record, though not in itself entertaining, affords some curious indications of the constitution of the author's mind. Moore has in several places confessed with perfect candor his want of knowledge and taste in matters of art. Alluding, in one of his Prefaces, to the pictures and statues which had most pleased him in his tour, he says: "The great pleasure I derived from these and many other such works, arose far more from the poetical nature of their subjects, than from any judgment I had learned to form of their real merits as works of art,—a line of lore in which, notwithstanding my course of schooling, I remained, I fear, unenlightened to the last."*

* Preface to Rhymes on the Road.

preciation is equally well evinced by the observations made in the Diary on the great ancient and modern master-pieces, which exhibit no lack of general good sense, but are, to a remarkable degree, deficient in artistic feeling. This defect was compensated, in the estimation of the poet, by a peculiar sensibility to natural beauty. "For all that was lost upon me in the halls of Art," says he, "I was more than consoled in the cheap picture-gallery of Nature; and a glorious sunset I witnessed in ascending the Simplon, is still remembered by me with a depth and freshness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind."* The day after leaving Bologna, tired of the exaggerations of travellers, and of the cant of connoisseurs, he applies a similar unction to his self-esteem: "To a *real lover of nature*, the sight of a pretty woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best painted pictures of them in the world."† Those who are familiar with Moore's poetry, will hardly need to be convinced that the poet was mistaken in this opinion of himself; he had really very little more love for nature than he had taste for art.‡

* Preface to *Rhymes on the Road*. † Diary, vol. iii. p. 84.

‡ To show this, it will be sufficient to extract from the Diary one or two of those few short passages which describe, while they are yet fresh, the impressions received from a view of some of the sublimest objects in creation:—

Dec. 4.—"Breakfasted at Susa, and commenced the ascent of Mont Cenis in a thick, dense fog, out of which we rose gradually into all the sunshine of a clear, glorious morning . . . The


pering amazingly in town,—five editions in less than a fortnight,—and my share for that time (I go half and half with the Longmans) was three hundred and fifty pounds.”

Just as the Fudge Family in Paris was coming out, Moore was startled by the news of a great misfortune. He had held his Bermuda office now nearly fifteen years, all of this time, except the first few months, by deputy. Though he generally spoke slightly of the place, it appears to have yielded him no inconsiderable returns, and in 1814 we hear of his receiving five hundred pounds in a single remittance. This sum he invested in the funds, expecting, he says, to increase the deposit considerably the next year. When the time comes round he complains of getting “as near nothing as possible.” This made him suspect that his deputy was playing him false, and, indeed, the carelessness which Moore exhibited about the management of the office, as long as he got *something* from it, was a great temptation to a dishonest agent. In April, 1818, information was received from Bermuda that the deputy had embezzled a large sum of money which had been deposited in the registry of the court during an appeal, and Moore was called upon to make restitution to the injured parties. The amount of the defalcation was estimated at 6,000*l.*, but it was finally compromised for a thousand guineas. It is at this period that Moore’s Diary opens, and from this time forth we have a minute account of his

reflected in books. These he could copy and combine with some dexterity, and, as he often boasts, oriental travellers complimented him on the correctness of the scenery of Lalla Rookh. But that he could not draw directly from nature, he has himself thus naively confessed :—

Sept. 1, 1820. — “In talking of Savary's never having been further than Cairo, he said S. had that kind of imagination which is chilled by the real scene, and can best describe what it has not seen, merely taking it from the descriptions of others. *This is very much the case with myself.*” — Diary, vol. iii. p. 144.

On his return to Paris, finding that there was no prospect of the speedy settlement of the Bermuda difficulties, Moore wrote for his wife and children to join him in France. They came over at the beginning of the new year, (1820,) and after a month of lodgings, the family was pleasantly settled in a cottage on the Allée des Veuves, Champs Elysées. Of all places in the world, Paris held out the most dangerous temptations to a man of Moore's social disposition and passion for amusement. He was well aware of this, and to guard against the waste of time and money, made a vow shortly after his wife's arrival that he would not go out, except to dine now and then with a few quiet friends — and, he added in a codicil, to the theatre. The Sketches of Travel, by which the expenses of the journey were to be paid, had, at this time, hardly been touched, although they were announced by the Longmans to be published in February, under the title of The



Fudge Family in Italy. Once more established in a house by himself, Moore carried the work forward with some regularity, not relying much upon his individual experiences and impressions, which alone could give it freshness, but reading up for the occasion books of travel and histories of painting. As the work progressed, the original plan was considerably changed, the humorous part being abandoned, and some satirical pieces suppressed, and the proposed title, being no longer appropriate, was altered to "The Journal of a Member of the Pococurante Society."

The resolution which had been made at the beginning of the year to live with economy and in retirement, was kept indifferently well for four or five months. We then find Moore not only dining out frequently, but giving expensive dinners himself, so many that "Bessy cried out for a *relâche*." At this juncture, a Spanish gentleman of the name of Villamil, opportunely invited the family to occupy a small cottage attached to a beautiful villa he possessed at La Butte Coaslin, near Sèvres. The place was rural and highly favorable for literary occupation, and thither Moore removed in July, with a faint hope of proving more industrious. The Pococurante Journal was suspended until something more important should be completed: the Life of Sheridan, also, on the ground that the work could not be satisfactorily prosecuted without access to living sources of information. While

casting about for a new subject, it occurred to Moore to write a Romance in verse, in the form of Epistles, the scene to be laid in Egypt; and with this view he sketched the plan of a story, which was afterwards partly carried out in the Letters of Alciphron, and more fully in the prose Romance of The Epicurean. The first thing to be done now, according to Moore's system of composition, was to read all that had been written about Egypt. He collected and perused a great quantity of such literature, and consulted some of the French *savans* who had been in the Egyptian scientific corps on the subject of this poem. But alas! St. Cloud, Meudon, Paris, and Versailles, with their fire-works, water-works, dancing, restaurants, and theatres, left little leisure to strictly meditate the muse. The product of more than three months of rural retirement was the first Letter of Alciphron and a dozen Melodies. On the 16th of October the family returned to the Allée des Veuves, and we find in the Diary under that date the following entry:—

“ We dined alone with our little ones, for the first time since the 1st of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, ‘ This is the first rational day we have had for a long time.’ ”

Such rational days were destined to be few indeed, during their sojourn in France. Going back to Paris was removing the last barrier to the flood of dissipation, which now swept away every domestic and every studious habit. The mornings, which

had been hitherto regarded as dedicated to literary employments, were now given up to company, and many distinguished guests were entertained in Moore's "democratic cabin," among the most frequent of whom were Lord John Russell and Mr. Washington Irving. Life henceforth for many months was a routine of breakfasting, and driving, and dining out, plays, operas, and ballets, singing here and supping there, dancing quadrilles all night, and going down in the cars of the *Montagnes Russes* at the *Beaujon*, *Tivoli*, or the *Jardin Suisse*. The more sober and less improvident Bessy, who seldom and reluctantly joined in these gaieties, must often have protested against this heedlessness and extravagance, and so did her husband's conscience—once a month.* But the admonitions of both were alike ineffectual.

The summer of 1821, like that of the preceding year, was passed at *Sèvres*. Bessy and little Tom went over to England for the month of August,

* As will appear from the Diary:—

1820, Nov. 15. — Sadly interrupted by my vicinity to Paris and the various calls and distractions that it produces.

Dec. 15. — A quiet dinner at home, which of late is a rarity to me.

1821, Jan. 9. — This letter is 192 lines long, and I have been no less than five weeks about it!

Feb. 19. — Have done, notwithstanding my abominable and frivolous dissipation this week, near fifty lines.

March 23. — Dined at home, and read a little in the evening; rare occurrences with me now.

April 16. — Days of idleness and waste. Have done nothing

(Anastasia was at school in Paris,) and shortly after their return, Moore took a sudden resolution to go himself, thinking that the Longmans were dilatory in their negotiations with his creditors. To prevent discovery he bought a pair of mustachios and assumed the name of Mr. Dyke. Thus disguised, he called on his publishers, and authorized them to offer the agent of the American claimants a thousand guineas in full of all demands. He then went to pay a visit of a week to his parents in Ireland, and on coming back had the pleasure of hearing that the offer had been accepted. A London merchant, uncle to the defaulting deputy, was with some difficulty brought to contribute three hundred pounds to the payment of the required sum; the remainder was discharged with part of a thousand pounds that Lord Lansdowne had some time before, unknown to Moore, deposited with the Longmans for the settlement of the claims, whenever they should be reduced to that amount, and his Lordship was immediately reimbursed by a draft upon Murray.* How our spendthrift poet, who had not, it will be remembered, finished his *Life of*

for weeks past, except about a dozen lines to a cavatina of Carafa's.

May 8. — The first quiet morning I have had for a long, long time.

In the three months February, March, and April, Moore has recorded that he dined away from home *sixty-five* times.

* See the Diary. The account given in the Preface to the *Loves of the Angels* is in some respects incorrect.

Sheridan, could be entitled to draw on Murray, requires now to be explained.

While Moore was in Venice, Lord Byron made him a present of his Autobiographical Memoirs, with permission to publish them after his death. These were at some time offered for sale to the Longmans, but declined. Compelled by his straitened circumstances, Moore made a similar offer to Murray, which was accepted, and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of these Memoirs was made to this bookseller by Lord Byron and by Moore, in consideration of a sum of two thousand guineas, paid on the execution of the agreement, to the latter. It was agreed, also, that Moore should act as editor of the Memoirs, and supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life. When the sale was mentioned to Lord Holland, he seemed not entirely to approve the transaction, in which there was certainly something repugnant to punctilious delicacy. Lord Holland's scruples alarmed Moore, and made him doubt whether he ought not to ask Murray to rescind the deed, but he decided to take no such step for a while. He returned to Paris in November, (where his family were living, in the Rue d' Anjou,) and resumed his habitual dissipations,* varied by fitful and trifling labors.

* Not without some twinges of conscience. "1822, January 7. — Never did I lead such an unquiet life: Bessy ill; my home uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety."

While the gay season was at its height, information was received from England that another Bermuda claim had been brought forward. This demand, amounting to fourteen hundred pounds, was afterwards settled for two or three hundred pounds, which sum Lord John Russell was allowed to defray out of the profits of the sale of his *Life of Lord Russell*. In the mean time, though exposed to arrest, Moore hazarded another run over to England, partly, no doubt, with the intention of making a new arrangement concerning the *Byron Memoirs*. Murray very liberally consented, on his representations, to relinquish the absolute property he had in these papers, and to give to the author or to his friends a power of redemption during the life of Lord Byron; and, accordingly, a second deed was executed, by which it was agreed that if either Lord Byron or Moore should, *during the life of Lord Byron*, repay to Murray the sum of two thousand guineas, the manuscript should be surrendered; otherwise, Murray was to be at liberty to publish the *Memoirs* within three months after the death of Lord Byron.

In May, 1822, Parisian lodgings were exchanged for a country-house at Passy. Two years had now been spent in almost complete idleness. The Egyptian story of *Alciphron* had been begun and thrown up. The Eighth Number of the *Irish Melodies*, and one number of the *National Airs* had been furnished to Power, in return for which the

minstrel had, of course, received his yearly stipend of five hundred pounds. Galignani had paid eighty pounds for the exclusive right to print our author's poetry in France. These receipts covered only a small part of his expenses, and the rest must have been met by drafts in advance on the Longmans, and by the sale of the Byron Memoirs. It was now plainly time to provide both for the accumulating account with the publishers, and for the necessities of the future, and after the removal to Passy, Moore set to work upon *The Loves of the Angels*, which he rapidly finished. Final leave was taken of France in November, and the poem was published at Christmas. The story was founded on passages in Genesis and the apocryphal book of Enoch. This connection with the Scriptures gave such offence to some overscrupulous readers, that when preparing for the fifth edition, the author conceived the design of shifting the scene of the tale to Mahomet's Paradise, and turning his angels into Turks, a feat which was accomplished with marvellous facility by the aid of D'Herbelot, Hyde's *Religio Persarum*, and a few more such books. A new budget of satirical poems, equally graceful and amusing, and altogether in the author's happiest style, came out in May of the next year: this was the *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, by which, and *The Loves of the Angels*, his account with the Longmans was reduced fifteen hundred pounds. On the 24th of the same month, John Russell, the last of Moore's children, was born. But nothing could

tie this volatile spirit down to his home. He found it necessary to go to London in April, on various matters of business, and staid so long that Bessy wrote an impatient letter. The excursion was repeated in June, and this second escapade was followed almost immediately by a two months' tour in Ireland with Lord Lansdowne. This Irish trip, however, was more productive than most of his vagrancy, for it led to his writing the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, a work which obtained great admiration for its sprightliness and patriotic feeling, and which excited such a sensation in Ireland, that the people throughout the country were said to club their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy. The preparations for the publication of this work afforded an apology for another visit to town, (March, 1824,) and the force of habit for one more in May. Moore was now at the height of his popularity, the constant and familiar guest at Bowood when he was in the country, the much coveted attraction of the most brilliant circles of the capital; and we ought not perhaps to wonder if he yielded often to the seductions of that society where alone his peculiar talents appeared to their full advantage.

On the 19th of April, 1824, Lord Byron died at Missolonghi. The news arrived in England in May, while Moore was in London, and reminded him that he had neglected to take the final step for the proposed redemption of the "*Memoirs*" — which had, therefore, become Murray's absolute property.

Under the erroneous impression* that the privilege of redemption extended to the period of three months after Lord Byron's death, Moore now informed Murray that he was ready to pay back the two thousand guineas for which the Memoirs were pledged. At the same time, the representatives of Lord Byron's family were desirous of obtaining possession of the manuscript, with a view to preventing its publication, and Murray was ready to surrender it into their hands. Moore, upon his part, declared himself willing that the Memoirs should be submitted to Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, but claimed that he, and not Murray, had the right of controlling the disposition of them. A meeting of all parties finally took place at Murray's

* "I directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement." — Diary, iv. p. 189. Moore had no doubt the intention of securing for himself this additional liberty of redemption, but the original draft of the agreement has been preserved, and it contains no such clause as he professes to have dictated. "Instead of *dictating* what he desired to the solicitor, he with *his own pencil*—and, perhaps, without fully explaining his meaning—wrote in the words '*within three months*'—but wrote them in at a *wrong place*. So that, instead of providing, as he may have intended, to give *himself* a power to redeem, he in fact only imposed on Murray the obligation of publishing, within three months." — See Quarterly Review, vol. 93, pp. 274, 275, and 311-314.

(Anastasia was at school in Paris,) and shortly after their return, Moore took a sudden resolution to go himself, thinking that the Longmans were dilatory in their negotiations with his creditors. To prevent discovery he bought a pair of mustachios and assumed the name of Mr. Dyke. Thus disguised, he called on his publishers, and authorized them to offer the agent of the American claimants a thousand guineas in full of all demands. He then went to pay a visit of a week to his parents in Ireland, and on coming back had the pleasure of hearing that the offer had been accepted. A London merchant, uncle to the defaulting deputy, was with some difficulty brought to contribute three hundred pounds to the payment of the required sum; the remainder was discharged with part of a thousand pounds that Lord Lansdowne had some time before, unknown to Moore, deposited with the Longmans for the settlement of the claims, whenever they should be reduced to that amount, and his Lordship was immediately reimbursed by a draft upon Murray.* How our spendthrift poet, who had not, it will be remembered, finished his *Life of*

for weeks past, except about a dozen lines to a cavatina of Carafa's.

May 8. — The first quiet morning I have had for a long, long time.

In the three months February, March, and April, Moore has recorded that he dined away from home *sixty-five* times.

* See the Diary. The account given in the Preface to the *Loves of the Angels* is in some respects incorrect.

time to it until October, 1825. The biography was then published, first in a quarto form, and a second edition in octavo. It was bought with avidity, and was highly praised by most of his friends.* The publishers felt called upon, in consideration of the extent of the work and its rapid sale, to add three hundred pounds to the original price of the copyright. But it did not meet public expectation in point of interest, and it is chargeable not only with the pardonable fault of representing the character of Sheridan much too favorably, but with that of censuring, very unjustly, the conduct of Sheridan's early associates.†

While engaged in preparing the Life of Sheridan, Moore wrote a large number of melodies and glees, conscious that he had not done so much for Power of late as his uniform liberality deserved. Power was delighted with his industry, and was glad to renew their agreement, which expired this

* "Here," said Jeffrey, (notwithstanding the 2,235 metaphors which Fonblanque counted in the Life,) "is a convincing proof that you can think and reason vividly and manfully, and treat the gravest and most important subjects in a manner worthy of them. I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself, as comparatively worthless; it is for the historical and political views that I value it; and am, indeed, of the opinion, that you have given us the only clear, fair, and manly account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." — *Diary*, Vol. V. p. 7.

† The story of the Prince's neglect of his old companion, the theme of so much indignation and pathos, is now acknowledged by all parties to be an absolute slander.

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In January, 1826, Moore writes to Jeffrey that he is at his wit's end for money, and requests an advance of a hundred pounds to be "worked out" by future articles in the *Edinburgh*. Compelled by his increased expenses to make use of all his resources, he began again, about the same time, to contribute political squibs to the newspapers. For about forty of these, written for the *Times* in the course of the next eighteen months, he received five hundred pounds, four hundred of which was paid in advance, and appropriated to cancel a like sum advanced the year before by Charles Kemble, for a play which Moore thought of writing for Covent Garden, but fortunately never attempted. By a subsequent arrangement with the proprietors of this distinguished journal, a regular stipend of four hundred pounds was to be paid for similar contributions, furnished at such intervals as should be entirely convenient. During this period of a year and a half, he wrote a great many lyrical pieces for *Power*, including some

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shop, where the manuscript was destroyed by the friends of Mrs. Leigh, with the consent both of Murray and of Moore, and Moore repaid to Murray the sum which had been advanced upon the Memoirs, with the interest then due.*

The Life of Sheridan, undertaken for Murray in 1818, had been necessarily suspended during the years of French exile. For this biography, Charles Sheridan had furnished such of his father's papers as were preserved, without stipulating with the publisher for a recompense. A new difficulty was now thrown in the way of the progress of the work, by Charles Sheridan's claiming a share of the profits for his brother's family, on account of his allowing the use of the papers. Such a claim Murray refused to admit, and the papers were, in consequence, transferred to the Longmans, who agreed to give Mrs. Thomas Sheridan half the profits after the sale of two editions. Moore seems to have been pleased with this change. He applied himself with vigor to the work as soon as Captain Rock was off his hands, and devoted a considerable part of his

* Moore has been extravagantly lauded for his conduct in this affair; for returning to Murray the money he had received for the Memoirs, and refusing to allow the Byron family to reimburse him. He of course could not keep, or take, this money after the Memoirs were destroyed, and his consenting to the destruction of a manuscript which Lord Byron himself regretted that he had allowed to go out of his power, implies a degree of generosity not uncommon, it is to be hoped, among men of honor.

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* Diary, VI. 124.

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The singular position occupied at this period by the supposed Radical poet with reference to Reform, demands a passing notice. It cannot but excite our surprise to see a man of his antecedents "putting it to two noble lords at Brookes's," that the country might have been satisfied by a far less dose of Reform; writing to Lord Lansdowne that, so far from being radical with respect to English affairs, it is his firm belief that Reform would but give an opening and impulse to revolutionary policy; and maintaining that the monarchy could not go on with a purely popular House of Commons. When called upon for an explanation of the apparent inconsistency, he replied, that while he had from the very first agreed with the Whigs in the *principles* of their measures, he also agreed with the Tories in their opinion of the *consequences*. The country was, in his belief, on the verge of a revolution, which nothing could prevent, but which the action of the Liberal Parliament was greatly accelerating.

year (1825). It was now thought necessary that he should take a trip of some sort "to change the current of his thoughts." Bessy, always regardless of herself, insisted that if he did not go to France, (an excursion which Moore had planned, but had this time the good-sense to give up,) he should at least go to Scotland or Ireland, and so at the end of October, he set off for Scotland. Four or five days were spent most agreeably at Abbotsford,* and nine or ten more with Jeffrey, and with Murray, the manager of the Edinburgh theatre, who had married Bessy's sister. Going to see the courts in company with Jeffrey, our poet found himself the greatest show of the place. He was followed about by crowds, and when, the evening of the same day, he went to the theatre, the whole pit rose and greeted him with vehement applause. The death of his father followed shortly after his return from this journey, and this event imposed upon Moore, already burdened with heavy debts, the additional

* Two short passages, indicating a degree of self-knowledge, may be extracted from Moore's report of his conversations with Scott.

"When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said, with much shrewd humor in his face, 'Ecod, we were in the luck of it, to come befor's all this talent was at work.'"

"I said that the want of this manly training [such as Scott had enjoyed] showed itself in my poetry, which would perhaps have had a far more vigorous character, if it had not been for the sort of *boudoir* education I had received."

concern of providing for the support of his mother and sister. Lord Wellesley, then Lieutenant of Ireland, signified his willingness to continue his father's half-pay in the shape of a pension to his sister, but this offer was positively, though gratefully, declined, and Moore took the whole charge upon himself, aided, as ever, by the admirable Bessy, who, even before he left home, had been contriving how to do with only one servant, in order to be the better able to assist his mother.

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of the National Melodies, and the first number of "Evenings in Greece," but his principal literary occupation was with the romance of *The Epicurean*. This long meditated and slowly executed work was at length finished, and came out in June, 1827. Four editions were sold in eight months, and brought the author seven hundred pounds. All these engagements were not allowed to interfere much with the usual number of visits to Bowood and of excursions to London, and in one of these last, finding Scott and his daughter about to start on a trip to Paris, our giddy youth of forty-seven all but consented to join the party,* and actually would have done so, had he not fancied at the last moment that he perceived a slight abatement in Scott's eagerness for his company.

It had been Moore's design, and a part of his agreement with Murray, in case he survived Lord Byron, to write some sort of biography of his friend, and the destruction of the "Memoirs" did not alter this purpose. A few months after that event, in November, 1824, he caused his intention to be communicated to Lady Byron and to Mrs. Leigh, suggesting, at the same time, that the family

* This levity was only characteristic of Moore, as Rogers bluntly told him on his mentioning the scheme. He said "it was an extraordinary frisk, but that it was like me: nobody else would think of it: that it would never surprise him (even after hearing me complain, as I did eternally, of pressure of business and want of time), to be told of my having set off on a party of pleasure *anywhere*, with *anybody*." — *Diary*, V. p. 122.

must prefer "that a hand upon whose delicacy they could rely should undertake the task, rather than have his memory at the mercy of scribblers, who dishonor alike the living and the dead." The execution of this work was necessarily postponed until the Life of Sheridan should be completed. Moore then went to Hobhouse, whose countenance and aid, as Lord Byron's executor, it was of the first importance to secure, informing him of his plan and soliciting his coöperation. Hobhouse objected to any life of Byron's being written, and particularly to one by the author of the Life of Sheridan, having no high opinion of his talents for biography. Lord John Russell, also, endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking. Moore professed to see all the objections to the meditated work, but his heavy account with the Longmans made it extremely hard to give up an enterprise that was likely to be so profitable. The embarrassments of the case were increased by his having quarrelled with Murray, who was in possession of a large quantity of Byron's papers, and therefore by far the most eligible person for a publisher. A good understanding, however, was so obviously for the interest of both parties, that a reconciliation was easily brought about, Moore making the advances. This was in May, 1826, two years after the original difficulty had occurred. Negotiations were forthwith commenced between the author and the bookseller, but it was a long time before a satisfactory

arrangement could be made. The Epicurean being finished in June, 1827, Moore had no work of consequence on his hands. From that time he devoted himself actively to the collection of materials for the biography, visiting for this purpose, in the course of the next eight months, Dr. Glennie, with whom Byron was at school, Dr. Drury, of Harrow, Mrs. Shelley, Col. Wildman, of Newstead Abbey, Mrs. Musters, (formerly Miss Chaworth,) and others, and taking notes of their conversation.

At last, in February, 1828, Murray came to terms. He proposed to place all of his Byron papers which were proper for publication in Moore's hands, and to give four thousand guineas for the life.* This liberal offer was at once accepted, with the condition that the large sum owing to the Longmans (amounting, it is said, to 3,020*l.*) should be paid immediately, and the next month the work was actually begun. The whole task of gathering information, composing the narrative, and correcting the press, occupied about three years (June, 1827—August, 1830). The intended limits of a single volume were found insufficient, and two were required, of which the first was issued in January, 1830, and the second in December of the same year. The critics gave the book a kind reception, but the publisher lost money, the price of two quartos, and also the deep and perhaps unreasonable sen-

* If we may trust an article in the Quarterly Review, Moore actually received in all 4,870*l.* for the Life of Byron.

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Nothing short of a general breaking up of the existing system could remedy the evils of the inequitable distribution of wealth and power. Taking this view, he could not but feel grave at the prospect. "Were I a young man," said he, "it would only bricken up the spirit of adventure within me, as I might then hope to outlive the storm, and enjoy the advantage of the calm; but not being young, and wishing the remainder of my course to continue on the same level as heretofore, I cannot bring myself to dance down these first steps of the precipice so gaily and sanguinely as I see others do. All this produces naturally a sobered, though by no means reluctant, concurrence in measures which I think may be ultimately for the good of the country, but which, whether for good or for ill, are amongst those efforts after improvement which nations from time to time make, and which nations have an undoubted right to make; all that we have of good and free in the world being the result of such endeavors." If the reader shall find himself compelled to admire the author of *The Two-penny Post-Bag*, in the dignified attitude of a philosopher superior to the fanaticism of party, and of a patriot calmly consenting to his private ruin in the hope of the nation's regeneration, he will not easily pardon a suspicion which we are sorry to hint, that the feelings with which Moore looked at the cause of Reform were compounded of indifference, of latent Toryism, (the essence of which is, to deprecate above all things, a

disturbance,) and of dislike engendered by personal disappointment. Such is the combined impression, at least, which is likely to be made by the passages in his Diary which bear on the politics of the time, by the hostile tone in which he speaks of the Whigs, and by his bitter complaints of their selfishness, and "their vile practice of caressing enemies and *neglecting friends*." *

His opinions on Irish questions were analogous to those he held on English politics. The electors of Limerick had conceived a strong desire that he should stand for their representative in Parliament, and in November, 1832, sent him a requisition to that effect. O'Connell favored the step, and success was certain, would Moore but consent to be put in nomination. So earnestly were the wishes of the electors engaged in this object, that to meet the preliminary difficulty of the incompetency of his fortune for such an appropriation of his time, a subscription was set on foot for the purchase in his behalf of an estate of 300*l.* a year, then on sale in Limerick. About the same time, an intimation was received from the Lord Lieutenant (Anglesey) of his desire that Moore should stand for Trinity College, Dublin, with the promise of government interest. Both of these invitations he very wisely declined: that from Limerick, on the ground that he could not honorably go into Parliament as

* Compare Diary, VI. 191, 208, 216, 221, 228, 229, 261, 289; VII. 9, 61, 79.

the hired servant of his constituency, and the other both on account of his limited means, and of his inability to give his support to the government. In the course of the negotiations connected with these projects, and in some subsequent correspondence relating to O'Connell, Moore thus states his positions. If he went into Parliament, he would maintain Irish liberties and Irish interests at all risks, and against all ministers, independent of O'Connell's and all other influence, and bound to no man or party whatever. The Repeal of the Union he regarded as conducting inevitably to separation:—nevertheless, so hopeless appeared the fate of Ireland under English government, whether of Whigs or Tories, that as the only chance of Ireland's future resuscitation, he would be *almost* inclined to run the risk of Repeal, even with Separation as its too certain consequence, because he was convinced that Ireland must go through some violent and convulsive process before the anomalies of her position could be got rid of: but whether, even then, she would be able to remain free, between England and France, to one or other of which she seemed destined to belong, was another awful question. Finally, though going heart and soul with the great cause of Ireland, he by no means approved of the spirit or manner in which that cause was conducted by O'Connell.*

* Compare Diary, VI. 276, 277, 297–306, 325; VII. 35, 39. Moore's readiness to advocate liberal measures, *provided* you were ready for a sweeping revolution, reminds us of his story

Our patriot poet, though he "lived quietly the greatest part of his time in the country," "indebted to the labor of the day for his daily support,"* was, as we have seen, and as may further be seen in his *Journal*, sometimes obliged to dine out, and even to go to town. While on one of these visits, in the last months of 1828, the Longmans endeavored to secure his coöperation in their *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which they were then meditating. They wished to open the enterprise with histories of the three kingdoms, (England and Scotland by Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott,) and offered Moore 500*l.* for a single volume upon Ireland. This he refused, but on their doubling the sum in February, 1829, they were successful. Five years, however, elapsed before the history was effectually begun. To this period belong (besides the *Life of Lord Byron* and of *Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, already mentioned) the politico-theological work of the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, (2 vols. 1833,) and many small pieces; among these, an article or two in the *Edinburgh Review*, certain trifles in the newspapers, and in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, to which Moore was a contributor

of Sheridan's method of silencing people who came to him with plans of reform. "When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that."

* See *Diary*, VI. 261, 306.

for one year, (1832 — 1833,) the *Legendary Ballads*, published in the spring of 1829, the *Summer Fete*, early in 1832, the *Second Number of Evenings in Greece*, in December, 1832, the *Songs from the Greek Anthology* and the *Tenth Number of the Irish Melodies*, in February, 1834.

The *Tenth Number of the Irish Melodies* (being the conclusion of the series) had been withheld many years, owing to the dilatoriness of the minstrel, and when it was at last in some state of forwardness, its appearance was further delayed by an unfortunate estrangement between author and publisher in 1832-33. The connection with Power had then subsisted twenty-five years. It was no doubt a profitable one for Power in the beginning, but the recklessness and procrastination of his ally afterwards occasioned him heavy losses. The advantage which Moore reaped from it was a salary of 500*L.* for twenty-one years, punctually paid notwithstanding his irregularities. Nor only that: Power also advanced him considerable sums without security or interest, (in 1829 they had accumulated to more than 1,600*L.*,) and was constantly called upon to perform petty services for him, as “banker, bill-acceptor, fish-agent, letter-carrier, and hotel-keeper,” — all which he did in a spirit of the most perfect accommodation and liberality. The cause of the difficulty between them was a refusal on the part of Moore to pay half of the expenses of arranging the music for his songs. Without going into the details,

suffice it to say, that everybody who was informed of the facts, except Moore himself, pronounced him to be in the wrong; that this was the decision of the arbitrators to whom the difference was submitted, and that a review of the circumstances of the case, so far as they have been published,* leaves the impression that the conduct of the poet to his old and firm friend was both supercilious and ungrateful, and as little to the praise of his generosity as of his habits of business.


We have not thought it important to notice particularly, if at all, various trips which Moore made to Ireland to visit his mother and two sisters. He was always warmly welcomed by his old friends, and when he appeared at the theatres, or spoke at a dinner, or on other public occasions, was received by the people with great enthusiasm. In February, 1831, he was hastily summoned to Dublin on account of the alarming illness of his mother. There was little prospect of his finding her alive, but contrary to all expectation, she rallied, and survived more than a year, dying in May, 1832. Mother and son never met again, however, after this visit. When he went back to England, he carried with him her wedding ring as a parting gift, and this testimonial (be it ever recorded in his honor!) to the

* No idea of the merits of the question can be got from the Diary. See *Notes from the Letters of Thomas Moore to his Music Publisher, James Power, with an Introduction by T. Crofton Croker*, New York, 1854.

fidelity with which he had discharged his filial offices :
“ Well, my dear Tom, I can say with my dying breath that you have from the first to the last done your duty, and far more indeed than your duty, by me, and all connected with you.”

The withdrawal of Power's supplies must have been seriously felt. At fifty-five the nimblest genius begins to lose the knack of coining its random inspirations into gold. The generation which Moore first addressed had now passed away, and if he had still been able to command his former powers, it is doubtful whether they would have commanded the public ear. He was saved from present indigence and final distress, by a liberal and just exertion of government patronage. When the Whigs were reinstated in office, in the spring of 1835, Lord John Russell availed himself of the first opportunity to serve his friend. First obtaining Moore's consent, he presented his case and his claims to Lord Melbourne, and the result was, that in the following August a pension of 300*l.* per annum was granted the poet in acknowledgment of his literary merits, with the consent of the crown, and the general approbation of all parties.

Such songs as were written in the two years after the completion of the *Irish Melodies*, were disposed of, at the buyer's price, to Cramer & Co. The *Fudges* in England came out in 1835, and in 1836 an arrangement was entered into to furnish squibs for the *Morning Chronicle*, to be paid for at the



same rate as the similar contributions to the Times newspaper. They may have been continued until 1840, as we find a notice of one in that year. Moore's poetical career may be considered from this time forth as closed. If the disposition and the capacity remained, he had now no time for verse. The History of Ireland which he had undertaken, was not a labor suited to his tastes and his habits. Several times was it dropped and resumed, and at length after an entire remodelling of the earlier part, the first volume was published in March, 1835. A single volume was all that had been bargained for, but three more were added without reaching the period which the author was best qualified to treat. Under such circumstances, the best terms could not be hoped for: 750*l.* seems to have been paid for the first volume, and five hundred for each of the others. Moore devoted himself to the work with assiduity, and for nine years had no other of consequence before him. The only other literary employment in all this time, was the preparation of the collective edition of his poetical works, published in ten volumes, 1840-41. For this the Longmans had in 1837 * offered him a thousand pounds. Over and above the task of gathering together his smaller pieces, and revising them here and there, the editing was confined to an autobiographical preface to each

* Some time in this year was published a corrected edition of the Epicurean, illustrated by Turner, in which the fragments of Alciphron were first printed.

volume, now rendered of little value by the publication of the Diary.

The last twelve years of Moore's life, though the most creditable to him as a man, and the most interesting to us, as exhibiting strongly the best points of his character, will occupy only a brief space in his biography. As he passed the age of sixty and reached the grand climacteric, his mind began to suffer the natural effects of age, his memory became impaired, and all his faculties moved slower. He complained of the trouble it cost him to write even the short prefaces to his monthly volumes, and the History was a grievous burden. Returning day after day to the same endless theme, he often thought, he tells us, of an old Scotch song he had sung in his youth, "The pund o' tow, the pund o' tow, the weary pund o' tow." Gradually he retired further and further from the gay world he had so much enjoyed and adorned. His wife had now no other companion in his absence. His task could be accomplished on no other terms than dogged perseverance and a less prodigal use of time, and at last the social talents which had made him the favorite guest of a hundred brilliant circles were quenched in sorrow and disease.

The poet's two sons, Thomas and Russell, were both, as has been seen, nominated to the Charter House. Tom, idle and frivolous in the beginning, afterwards applied himself with diligence enough to obtain an exhibition, and good testimonials from

the examiners. In 1837, his father took him to Paris, and placed him with a professor in the University, for the purpose of acquiring French, before he embarked in his profession. This was the army, and a scanty purse was drained to the bottom to purchase him first an ensigncy and then a lieutenancy. He joined his regiment in 1838, in his twentieth year, and after being quartered awhile in Ireland, was ordered to India. Russell was offered a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and was removed from the Charter House to a special preparatory school. He, too, departed for India in April, 1840. His constitution, naturally weak, could not cope with the unhealthy climate. By the kindness and care of Lord Auckland, he was preserved from death in a foreign land, but he was sent home in April, 1842, hopelessly smitten with consumption. In the midst of the agitation and alarm caused by reports of Russell's illness, and of financial embarrassments consequent on the debts incurred to meet the expense of providing for both sons, Tom, whose outfit, commission, and allowances had already cost nearly 1,500*l.*, draws on his impoverished father for 112*l.*, and follows up this blow with another bill for a hundred. "I can hardly bring myself to send you the inclosed," writes Bessy, informing her husband of the first of these drafts. "It has caused me tears and sad thoughts, but to *you* it will bring these and hard, *hard* work.

Why do people sigh for children? They know not what sorrow will come with them." All his extravagance is forgiven when a letter comes (in November, 1841) announcing that he has been very ill in Lower Scinde, and consolation is found in the better feelings his letter breathes "towards home and home associations." But another draft for 100*l.* arrives from Russell, and hard upon it the astounding intelligence that Tom has sold his commission and is coming home! The thoughtless and selfish young man had got into debt, and in a rash moment had thrown up the position and the opportunities secured for him by sacrifices as little appreciated as they were deserved. Russell was a steadier and a more grateful boy. He lingered a few months in a dying condition, watched over day and night by his mother, and exhibiting such sweetness and calmness in his last moments as left comfort for his loss in her heart, and breathed his last on the 23d of November, 1842. Tom meanwhile had got as far as France. Without profession or means of subsistence, he grasped at any chimerical plan that presented itself, and tried through the influence of his father's friends, to obtain an appointment in the Austrian or French service. At length, by the personal mediation of the royal family of France, he was named sub-lieutenant in the Foreign Legion of the French army serving in Algiers, and he set off on this new career in the February succeeding

his brother's death, without having seen his parents since he sailed for India. To enable him to leave Paris another 100*l.* must be remitted, and when he had been a few months in Algiers, he writes for fifty more, as quite necessary to keep him *out of prison*.

Through present calamity and gathering gloom Moore was sustained, to use his own words, by the courage, warm-heartedness, and never-failing spirits of the admirable Bessy. They both had the cordial and active sympathy of many friends, and among them of Lady Lansdowne, whose lovely and exalted character beaming soothingly out from the darker pages of the Diary, excites the desire to know more of her. His own heart was still buoyant. He was beginning to promise for himself two or three dinners a day, but he enjoyed the one he remembered, and in the evening would sing with applause to an insatiable audience.* Sydney Smith died in 1845, and Moore was even then willing to undertake a life of his distinguished friend and old table companion. Some portions of such a work are said to have been his latest attempts at composition. But all his remaining energies were prostrated by the overwhelming afflictions which fell upon him in the spring of 1846. During the preceding autumn he received from Africa the melancholy intelligence of Tom's dangerous illness. A

* This in his sixty-fourth year.

favorable report followed, and then several months of dreadful suspense. While anxiety was at its height, (February,) Ellen, his favorite and dearly loved sister suddenly died. A little month, and there came to Sloperton a strange and ominous-looking letter which, opened with trembling hands, confirmed the worst that had been feared. Tom, too, was dead, — and his father left in the world without children and without kindred.* Exposure and hardship in Algiers had completed the wreck of a frame naturally not vigorous enough for the soldier's life, and already impaired by service in India. Never had the misconduct of this spoilt child provoked a harsh word from his indulgent parent. His death, added to the loss of the beloved Ellen, in the opinion of Lord John Russell, "deeply affected the health, crushed the spirits, and impaired the mind of Moore." He was attacked by a violent illness, and for a long time was incapable of any exertion. "When he recovered, he was a different man, his memory was perpetually at fault, and nothing seemed to rest upon his mind. He made engagements to dinners and parties, but usually forgot half of them. When he did appear, his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories, and constant and congenial ease were all wanting. The brilliant hues of his varied con-

* Catherine, the other sister, closed a long period of suffering in December, 1834.

versation had failed, and the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk." *

The Journal which has been our guide through this Memoir, having been dropped for a year and a half, was resumed in August, 1846, with a summary of the events of the mournful interval, taken down from Bessy's dictation. Thenceforth there was little to record, and less to publish. One or two visits in the country, and excursions to town, comprise nearly all that has been given us. A softening of the brain gradually reduced this prompt and vivacious genius to a condition of childishness and oblivion. Yet his memory was not utterly extinguished. He always retained, we are assured, his interest in his friends, and would inquire anxiously after their health, and to the last day of his life he would sing, or ask his wife to sing, his favorite airs. Lord John Russell informs us that when he saw Moore for the last time, on the 20th of December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all the subjects which were the topics of conversation. The same night he had a fit, from the effects of which he never rallied. He lived on in a state of helplessness, free from bodily or mental suffering, two years longer, and expired without pain on the 26th of February, 1852, in the cottage which had been his home for thirty-five years. His body was interred in the neighboring village of

* Russell, *Diary*, VIII. 7.

Bromham, in the same churchyard where his children had been buried. A flat stone, protected by an iron fence, is the only monument over his remains. The year after his death, a subscription was raised for a public memorial to Moore, which it was determined should take the shape of a bronze statue, to be placed in an open space near Trinity College, Dublin. We are not able to state whether this design has been carried out.


The economy of Moore's wife made the pension they enjoyed from the government sufficient for their wants after he had ceased to labor, and he died free from debt. As a provision for her, he left only his Diary and Letters,* confided to the friendly care of Lord John Russell. For the copyright of these papers, Mr. Longman offered 3,000*l.*, and with this sum an annuity was obtained for Mrs. Moore, large enough, together with a pension of 100*l.* granted by the crown, to secure her for the remainder of her life an income equal to that upon which she and her husband had for some years lived.

The personal memoirs of a man who has filled a considerable space in the world must ever be read with interest. When we have satisfied our curiosity with regard to the fortunes and achievements, the joys and sorrows of such a life, we naturally ask, what were its objects, its principles, and its faith?

* Published 1853-1856. "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M. P." 8 volumes.

Moore's Journal, begun in his fortieth year, when the heyday of youth was over, and extending through thirty years of his maturity, shows that he had arrived at no distinct consciousness on these points, and gave them very little of his attention. It records a man friendly, good-natured, spirited, and honorable, an amiable Epicurean seldom in earnest about serious matters, and never rigorously self-scrutinizing. The story of the prime of his life reads like a long succession of feasts: it is a far-rago of lords' and ladies' names, compliments paid and received, *bon-mots* of fashionable wits, "anecdotes, quotations, and all sorts of *touch-and-go* things." We might almost doubt whether to regard it as that of a man of letters seeking amusement in society, or as that of a man of the world indulging in the pursuits of literature. On the one hand, we have dinners, breakfasts, and parties innumerable, among which the short periods of labor escape our notice; on the other, more than a dozen volumes of prose, and eighty or ninety thousand lines of verse. In truth, we must bear in mind that Moore sustained both characters, if we would fully appreciate his talents, account for his fame, understand his temptations, and trace the origin of his inspiration. No man was a greater favorite in society in his time. "He is," says Byron, "gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted." Scott's testimony is to the same effect. "There is a manly frankness,

with perfect ease and good-breeding about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant." But besides attractive manners he possessed many admirable special endowments for social success,—exuberant spirits, freshness of sensibility, readiness of wit and memory, exquisite tact, various learning, facility of elegant expression—to which we must add his great accomplishment of music. "He sang his own verses to his own tunes," says a most unfavorable critic, "in a style still more his own; the songs were indeed rather little amatory breathings than poetry,—the voice rather a warbling than singing,—but both were set off by an expression of countenance and charm of manner the most graceful, the most natural, and the most touching that we have ever witnessed." With all these gifts, he early became one of the notorieties of London, and his acquaintance was eagerly courted by the most distinguished circles. That he was gratified with the attentions and the applause which were showered upon him, we need not hesitate to admit. He had a strong love of praise, and did not object to flattery—while he keenly felt the slightest censure: all this he has allowed us to see in the notes of his daily life. Still his vanity, as generally manifested, was of the most harmless and ingenuous kind. In society, the same unwilling witness we have just cited, admits that it was completely veiled, and that no man ever received so much personal admiration with more ease



and simplicity. Vanity may have been a weakness with him; decidedly it was not a malignant passion, issuing in envy and detraction. He enjoyed another man's success as well as his own, and praised generously such merit as he could understand. But this passion for excitement and for admiration, constantly yielded to, could not but produce most injurious consequences. The most palpable of them would be a neglect of sacred domestic duties, and for this Moore has been severely and justly condemned. His self-denying wife, it is true, did not often complain. She knew that the man of books, exhausted by the labor of the pen, must have the recreation of company; she declined most invitations herself, from reasons of pride and economy, and her husband must go alone, if at all; meanwhile her own ambition was gratified with his celebrity. We ought by all means to make large allowances for Moore's peculiar foibles, tastes, and circumstances, but such considerations do not, after all, remove the inconsistency between that romantic devotion ("the homage of a lover," says Lord John Russell) which he is represented as paying his wife, and his frequent, prolonged, unforced absences from her side. The general effect of his absorption in the pursuit of pleasure was, that it fostered an in-born frivolity of disposition, and confirmed him in habits of superficial thinking and feeling. He kept the best company and heard the best conversation in England for more than a score of years, but he re-

tained little of what he heard besides jokes and stories. Of the wise and suggestive breakfast or dinner talk of such men as Mackintosh and Macaulay, or the great political leaders, he made very few notes in his Diary, and fewer still are his original reflections. We do not remember any of value. But the levity of his mind is most strikingly exemplified by his course in respect to religion. On this subject, if on any, we might look for some precision and consistency in his views, since he voluntarily undertook to set them forth and defend them. He wrote *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman* to prove that salvation was to be found only in the Church of Rome, and that Protestantism was a schism. Yet he had his children brought up in the heretic faith, and esteemed it an advantage to have married a Protestant wife, because this left him at liberty to do so. He gave as his own reason for adhering to Catholicism, that he had been born in that communion, and advised his sister, who was ready to abjure, to acquiesce, on the same grounds. He attended the Warwick-Street Chapel, while in London, because the music was good, and avoided the Protestant service, because the music was bad — for “what,” says he, “will not music make me feel and believe?”

Posterity will accord to Moore the full measure of poetical fame to which he himself looked forward. If remembered at all, he has several times said, he would be remembered as a writer of songs. Twenty

editions of *Lalla Rookh* did not lead him to expect immortality for that, and he refused to add historical notes to his political poems to save them from perishing. He well understood the ephemeral nature of many of his productions. Like a true Epicurean, he invested his talents in enterprises that would give him the greatest immediate return. He wrote for the drawing-rooms, dinner tables, and clubs he frequented, and he had his reward. The *Satires* and the *Songs* best exhibit his characteristic merits, and the narrative poems his defects. Of all, we are inclined to admire, as artistic productions, his political squibs the most. They are wonderful for the combination of powerful sarcasm with playfulness, elegance, and wit. Some of them are perfectly legitimate exposures of folly, meanness, or hypocrisy; others show no ruth in turning to account a private scandal, and many are unscrupulously spiced with personality. The wounds they inflicted must have been deep and galling, but the bystander forgets the malice of the aim and the suffering of the victim in admiration of the polish of the shaft and of the grace with which it is discharged. The pungent salt of these satires must gradually lose its savor as the occasions and the parties which called them forth are forgotten. But the songs will hold their own much longer. Critics are agreed as to the particulars of their excellence, which is almost entirely that of form, the constituents being sweetness of verse, choiceness and fluency of diction, ingenuity and

grace in bringing out the sentiment. The sentiment of Moore's songs is for the most part commonplace, and of little variety, nor is it on this that their effect depends. The lovesongs excite in an ordinary person no emotion that etiquette would require to be suppressed at an evening party. The Sacred Melodies he himself regarded as feats of dexterity, and the Irish Melodies seem to us not the passionate utterances of an indignant patriot so much as exceedingly clever attempts to make poetical capital out of a newly awakened public sympathy in the wrongs of Ireland. Among the best are the convivial songs. The burden of these is, of course, the conventional idea of the care-dispelling and wit-brightening properties of wine, but they will be sung in the millennium of temperance with as much zest as ever by young men intoxicated only by the beauty of their music, the ring of the verse, and their generous and joyous tone. All Moore's songs are preëminently adapted to music, and one must hear them sung to judge fairly of their merits. After attaining the highest degree of popularity, assisted by the novelty and beauty of the airs, they have been almost driven from the drawing-room by Italian and German music. But their place has not been taken, and happy youth lounging on green banks or floating on still lakes, under the summer moon, still finds nothing so accordant to its mood as a song of Moore's.

The narrative poems possess many of the attrac-

tions of the lyrics; they also display glaringly the author's peculiar defects, defects fundamental in his art. Grace, melody, ingenuity of fancy, and superficial sensibility will make a successful song writer, but other qualities are indispensable for a great poet. With scarcely more than these, and a magazine of learning collected expressly for the occasion, Moore undertook to write his oriental story of *Lalla Rookh*. The result was an airy fabric, (based, however, on a heavy foundation of notes,) fine as *Aladdin's* palace, glowing at every point with azure and rose-color, perfumed throughout with sandalwood and cinnamon, resounding perpetually with luxurious music, heaped with nectared sweets, and inhabited by a collection of beings worthy of the place, beings elevated far above the sordid actualities of life, as above moral responsibility, and amenable only to the laws, and holding only the relations, of romantic sentiment. The effect of the whole is much the same as that of a magnificent ballet, on which all the resources of the theatre have been lavished, and no expense spared in golden clouds, ethereal light, gauze-clad sylphs, and splendid tableaux. At a certain stage in youth what show more entrancing than *La Sylphide*, what poetry more exquisite than *Lalla Rookh*! But merely sensuous charms soon lose their power. The mind cannot be permanently and powerfully pleased by any work of art that is untrue to life and nature. In Moore, himself, the prime wants are intensity of passion,

and a vigorous imagination. His works, taken as a whole, present little variety in the ideas and the images, and no contrast in the manner; all is alike, "without distinction, gay;" his pictures are not life-like, there is not much character to his personages, no moral to his story, no reality anywhere. His view of man and of nature seems to have been taken partly from his study and partly from a ball-room. He had observed only the external and accidental features of both; he had no eye for those latent analogies and sympathies between them which it has been the delight and glory of the more thoughtful poets of this century to disclose.

Moore was in person extremely diminutive. The interest of his countenance consisted entirely in its animation. His brow was good, his eye bright, and his lip expressive. His voice was a little rough in conversation, but all sweetness in singing. His face has been preserved by the chisel of Bartolini and of Charles Moore, and by the pencil of Lawrence, Shee, Maclise, and Richmond. Lawrence alone, it is said, "has caught the true Anacreontic look of the poet of high society; the others, though truer than Lawrence to individual features, have somewhat vulgarized him."





TO THE
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF
MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE AND FRIENDSHIP,
THESE VOLUMES
ARE INSCRIBED,
WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION
AND RESPECT,
BY
THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. I.

1



PREFACE.

FINDING it to be the wish of the Publishers that at least the earlier volumes of this collection should each be accompanied by some prefatory matter, illustrating, by a few biographical memoranda, the progress of my humble literary career, I have consented, though not, I confess, without some scruple and hesitation, to comply with their request. In no country is there so much curiosity felt respecting the interior of the lives of public men as in England; but, on the other hand, in no country is he who ventures to tell his own story so little safe from the imputation of vanity and self-display.

The whole of the poems contained in the first, as well as in the greater part of the second, volume of this collection were written between the sixteenth and the twenty-third year of the author's age. But I had begun still earlier, not only to rhyme but to publish. A sonnet to my schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in my fourteenth year, appeared at the time in a Dublin magazine, called the *Anthologia*, — the first, and, I fear, almost only, creditable

attempt in periodical literature of which Ireland has to boast. I had even at an earlier period (1793) sent to this magazine two short pieces of verse, prefaced by a note to the editor, requesting the insertion of the "following attempts of a youthful muse;" and the fear and trembling with which I ventured upon this step were agreeably dispelled, not only by the appearance of the contributions, but still more by my finding myself, a few months after, hailed as "Our esteemed correspondent, T. M."

It was in the pages of this publication, — where the whole of the poem was extracted, — that I first met with the Pleasures of Memory; and to this day, when I open the volume of the *Anthologia* which contains it, the very form of the type and colour of the paper brings back vividly to my mind the delight with which I first read that poem.

My schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, though amusingly vain, was a good and kind-hearted man; and, as a teacher of public reading and elocution, had long enjoyed considerable reputation. Nearly thirty years before I became his pupil, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight or nine years of age, had been placed by Mrs. Sheridan under his care;* and, strange to say, was, after about a year's trial, pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be "an incor-

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rigible dunce." Among those who took lessons from him as private pupils were several young ladies of rank, belonging to those great Irish families who still continued to lend to Ireland the enlivening influence of their presence, and made their country-seats, through a great part of the year, the scenes of refined as well as hospitable festivity. The Miss Montgomerys, to whose rare beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy preceptor most boasted of as pupils; and, I remember, his description of them long haunted my boyish imagination, as though they were not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element."

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Must now resume his youth, his task, his book :
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I have thus been led back, step by step, from an early date to one still earlier, with the view of ascertaining, for those who take any interest in literary biography, at what period I first showed an aptitude for the now common craft of verse-making ; and the result is — so far back in childhood lies the epoch — that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme.

To these different talents, such as they were, the gay and social habits prevailing in Dublin afforded frequent opportunities of display ; while, at home, a most amiable father, and a mother such as in heart and head has rarely been equalled, furnished me with that purest stimulus to exertion — the desire to please those whom we, at once, most love and most respect. It was, I think, a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque written by myself, and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-Song, was acted, under our own humble roof in Aungier Street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young ——, now an eminent professor of music in Dublin, enacted for us the part of orchestra at the piano-forte.

It will be seen from all this, that, however impru-

dent and premature was my first appearance in the London world as an author, it is only lucky that I had not much earlier assumed that responsible character; in which case the public would probably have treated my nursery productions in much the same manner in which that sensible critic, my Uncle Toby, would have disposed of the "work which the great Lipsius produced on the day he was born."

While thus the turn I had so early shown for rhyme and song was, by the gay and sociable circle in which I lived, called so encouragingly into play, a far deeper feeling — and, I should hope, power — was at the same time awakened in me by the mighty change then working in the political aspect of Europe, and the stirring influence it had begun to exercise on the spirit and hopes of Ireland. Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck; and it was all in vain that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the Bar as opening a career that might lead her son to affluence and honour. Against the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University, the professed source of public education, was to him "a fountain sealed." Can any one now wonder that a people thus trampled upon should have hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand. I remember being taken by my father (1792) to one of the dinners given in honour

of that great event, and sitting upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round:—"May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure."

In a few months after was passed the memorable Act of 1793, sweeping away some of the most monstrous of the remaining sanctions of the penal code; and I was myself among the first of the young Helots of the land, who hastened to avail themselves of the new privilege of being educated in their country's university,—though still excluded from all share in those college honours and emoluments by which the ambition of the youths of the ascendant class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew that, next to my attaining some of these distinctions, my showing that I *deserved* to attain them would most gratify my anxious mother, I entered as candidate for a scholarship, and (as far as the result of the examination went) successfully. But, of course, the mere barren credit of the effort was all I enjoyed for my pains.

It was in this year (1794), or about the beginning of the next, that I remember having, for the first time, tried my hand at political satire. In their very worst times of slavery and suffering, the happy disposition of my countrymen had kept their cheerfulness still unbroken and buoyant; and, at the period of which I am speaking, the hope of a brighter day dawning upon Ireland had given to the society of the middle classes in Dublin a more

grace in bringing out the sentiment. The sentiment of Moore's songs is for the most part commonplace, and of little variety, nor is it on this that their effect depends. The lovesongs excite in an ordinary person no emotion that etiquette would require to be suppressed at an evening party. The Sacred Melodies he himself regarded as feats of dexterity, and the Irish Melodies seem to us not the passionate utterances of an indignant patriot so much as exceedingly clever attempts to make poetical capital out of a newly awakened public sympathy in the wrongs of Ireland. Among the best are the convivial songs. The burden of these is, of course, the conventional idea of the care-dispelling and wit-brightening properties of wine, but they will be sung in the millennium of temperance with as much zest as ever by young men intoxicated only by the beauty of their music, the ring of the verse, and their generous and joyous tone. All Moore's songs are preëminently adapted to music, and one must hear them sung to judge fairly of their merits. After attaining the highest degree of popularity, assisted by the novelty and beauty of the airs, they have been almost driven from the drawing-room by Italian and German music. But their place has not been taken, and happy youth lounging on green banks or floating on still lakes, under the summer moon, still finds nothing so accordant to its mood as a song of Moore's.

The narrative poems possess many of the attrac-

tions of the lyrics ; they also display glaringly the author's peculiar defects, defects fundamental in his art. Grace, melody, ingenuity of fancy, and superficial sensibility will make a successful song writer, but other qualities are indispensable for a great poet. With scarcely more than these, and a magazine of learning collected expressly for the occasion, Moore undertook to write his oriental story of *Lalla Rookh*. The result was an airy fabric, (based, however, on a heavy foundation of notes,) fine as *Aladdin's* palace, glowing at every point with azure and rose-color, perfumed throughout with sandalwood and cinnamon, resounding perpetually with luxurious music, heaped with nectared sweets, and inhabited by a collection of beings worthy of the place, beings elevated far above the sordid actualities of life, as above moral responsibility, and amenable only to the laws, and holding only the relations, of romantic sentiment. The effect of the whole is much the same as that of a magnificent ballet, on which all the resources of the theatre have been lavished, and no expense spared in golden clouds, ethereal light, gauze-clad sylphs, and splendid tableaux. At a certain stage in youth what show more entrancing than *La Sylphide*, what poetry more exquisite than *Lalla Rookh* ! But merely sensuous charms soon lose their power. The mind cannot be permanently and powerfully pleased by any work of art that is untrue to life and nature. In Moore, himself, the prime wants are intensity of passion,

and a vigorous imagination. His works, taken as a whole, present little variety in the ideas and the images, and no contrast in the manner; all is alike, "without distinction, gay;" his pictures are not life-like, there is not much character to his personages, no moral to his story, no reality anywhere. His view of man and of nature seems to have been taken partly from his study and partly from a ball-room. He had observed only the external and accidental features of both; he had no eye for those latent analogies and sympathies between them which it has been the delight and glory of the more thoughtful poets of this century to disclose.

Moore was in person extremely diminutive. The interest of his countenance consisted entirely in its animation. His brow was good, his eye bright, and his lip expressive. His voice was a little rough in conversation, but all sweetness in singing. His face has been preserved by the chisel of Bartolini and of Charles Moore, and by the pencil of Lawrence, Shee, Maclise, and Richmond. Lawrence alone, it is said, "has caught the true Anacreontic look of the poet of high society; the others, though truer than Lawrence to individual features, have somewhat vulgarized him."



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VOL. I.

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representing Anacreon conversing with the Goddess of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is concerned, I am much inclined to prefer the ode as originally written to its present corrected shape; and that, at all events, I entertain but very little doubt as to *which* of the two a composer would most willingly set to music.

For the means of collecting the materials of the notes appended to the Translation,* I was chiefly indebted to the old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called, from the name of the archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian, the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings.

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PREFACE.

FINDING it to be the wish of the Publishers that at least the earlier volumes of this collection should each be accompanied by some prefatory matter, illustrating, by a few biographical memoranda, the progress of my humble literary career, I have consented, though not, I confess, without some scruple and hesitation, to comply with their request. In no country is there so much curiosity felt respecting the interior of the lives of public men as in England; but, on the other hand, in no country is he who ventures to tell his own story so little safe from the imputation of vanity and self-display.

The whole of the poems contained in the first, as well as in the greater part of the second, volume of this collection were written between the sixteenth and the twenty-third year of the author's age. But I had begun still earlier, not only to rhyme but to publish. A sonnet to my schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in my fourteenth year, appeared at the time in a Dublin magazine, called the *Anthologia*, — the first, and, I fear, almost only, creditable

attempt in periodical literature of which Ireland has to boast. I had even at an earlier period (1793) sent to this magazine two short pieces of verse, prefaced by a note to the editor, requesting the insertion of the "following attempts of a youthful muse;" and the fear and trembling with which I ventured upon this step were agreeably dispelled, not only by the appearance of the contributions, but still more by my finding myself, a few months after, hailed as "Our esteemed correspondent, T. M."

It was in the pages of this publication, — where the whole of the poem was extracted, — that I first met with the Pleasures of Memory; and to this day, when I open the volume of the *Anthologia* which contains it, the very form of the type and colour of the paper brings back vividly to my mind the delight with which I first read that poem.

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than usual flow of hilarity and life. Among other gay results of this festive spirit, a club, or society, was instituted by some of our most convivial citizens, one of whose objects was to burlesque, good-humouredly, the forms and pomps of royalty. With this view they established a sort of mock kingdom, of which Dalkey, a small island near Dublin, was made the seat, and an eminent pawnbroker, named Stephen Armitage, much renowned for his agreeable singing, was the chosen and popular monarch.

Before public affairs had become too serious for such pastime, it was usual to celebrate, yearly, at Dalkey, the day of this sovereign's accession; and, among the gay scenes that still live in my memory, there are few it recalls with more freshness than the celebration, on a fine Sunday in summer, of one of these anniversaries of King Stephen's coronation. The picturesque sea-views from that spot, the gay crowds along the shores, the innumerable boats, full of life, floating about, and, above all, that true spirit of mirth which the Irish temperament never fails to lend to such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed, with all due gravity, within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty bestowed the order of knighthood upon certain favoured personages, and among others, I recollect, upon Incledon, the celebrated singer, who arose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir

Charles Melody. There was also selected, for the favours of the crown on that day, a lady of no ordinary poetic talent, Mrs. Battier, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride. This lady, as was officially announced, in the course of the day, had been appointed his majesty's poetess laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta, Countess of Laurel.

There could hardly be devised a more apt vehicle for lively political satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power, and its showy appurtenances, so temptingly supplied. The very day, indeed, after this commemoration, there appeared, in the usual record of Dalkey state intelligence, an amusing proclamation from the king, offering a large reward in *cronebanes*,* to the finder or finders of his majesty's crown, which, owing to his "having measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress from Dalkey on the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal brow.

It is not to be wondered at, that whatever natural turn I may have possessed for the lighter skirmishing of satire should have been called into play by so pleasant a field for its exercise as the state affairs of the Dalkey kingdom afforded; and, accordingly, my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty King Stephen, contrasting the happy state of secu-

* Irish halfpence, so called.

rity in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the "metal coach," and other such precautions against mob violence, said to have been adopted at that time by his royal brother of England. Some portions of this juvenile squib still live in my memory ; but they fall far too short of the lively demands of the subject to be worth preserving, even as juvenilia.

In college, the first circumstance that drew any attention to my rhyming powers was my giving in a theme, in English verse, at one of the quarterly examinations. As the sort of short essays required on those occasions were considered, in general, as a mere matter of form, and were written, at that time, I believe, invariably, in Latin prose, the appearance of a theme in English verse could hardly fail to attract some notice. It was, therefore, with no small anxiety that, when the moment for judging of the themes arrived, I saw the examiners of the different divisions assemble, as usual, at the bottom of the hall for that purpose. Still more trying was it when I perceived that the reverend inquisitor, in whose hands was my fate, had left the rest of the awful group, and was bending his steps towards the table where I was seated. Leaning across to me, he asked suspiciously, whether the verses which I had just given in were my own ; and, on my answering in the affirmative, added these cheering words, "They do you great credit ; and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the Board." This result of a step, ventured upon with some little fear and

scruple, was of course very gratifying to me; and the premium I received from the Board was a well-bound copy of the Travels of Anacharsis, together with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "*propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum.*"

The idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the Dublin Magazine already referred to, where, in the number of that work for February, 1794, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the poet to compare this schoolboy experiment with my later and more laboured version of the same ode, I shall here extract the specimen found in the Anthologia:—

"Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine.
Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing,
We'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing,
At frightened Care securely laughing.

"Rose! thou balmy scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight;
And Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,
Trips with each Grace the mazy round,

"Bind my brows, — I'll tune the lyre,
Love my rapturous strains shall fire.

Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine.
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

In pursuing further this light task, the only object I had for some time in view was to lay before the Board a select number of the odes I had then translated, with a hope, — suggested by the kind encouragement I had already received, — that they might consider them as deserving of some honour or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Doctor Kearney, one of the senior fellows,* a man of most amiable character, as well as of refined scholarship, I submitted to his perusal the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings of so convivial and amatory a nature as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however, lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it. I was also indebted to him for the use, during my task, of Spalletti's curious publication, giving a facsimile of those pages of a MS. in the Vatican Library which con-

* Appointed Provost of the University in the year 1799, and made afterwards Bishop of Ossory.

tain the Odes, or "Symposiacs," attributed to Anacreon. And here I shall venture to add a few passing words on a point which I once should have thought it profanation to question, — the authenticity of these poems. The cry raised against their genuineness by Robertellus and other enemies of Henry Stephen, when that eminent scholar first introduced them to the learned world, may be thought to have long since entirely subsided, leaving their claim to so ancient a paternity safe and unquestioned. But I am forced to confess, however reluctantly, that there appear to me strong grounds for pronouncing these light and beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fabrications. Some of the reasons that incline me to adopt this unwelcome conclusion are thus clearly stated by the same able scholar, to whom I am indebted for the emendations of my own juvenile Greek ode: — "I do not see how it is possible, if Anacreon had written chiefly in Iambic dimeter verse, that Horace should have wholly neglected that metre. I may add that, of those fragments of Anacreon, of whose genuineness, from internal evidence, there can be no doubt, almost all are written in one or other of the lighter Horatian metres, and scarcely one in Iambic dimeter verse. This may be seen by looking through the list in Fischer."

The unskilful attempt at Greek verse from my own pen, which is found prefixed to the Translation, was intended originally to illustrate a picture,

representing Anacreon conversing with the Goddess of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is concerned, I am much inclined to prefer the ode as originally written to its present corrected shape; and that, at all events, I entertain but very little doubt as to *which* of the two a composer would most willingly set to music.

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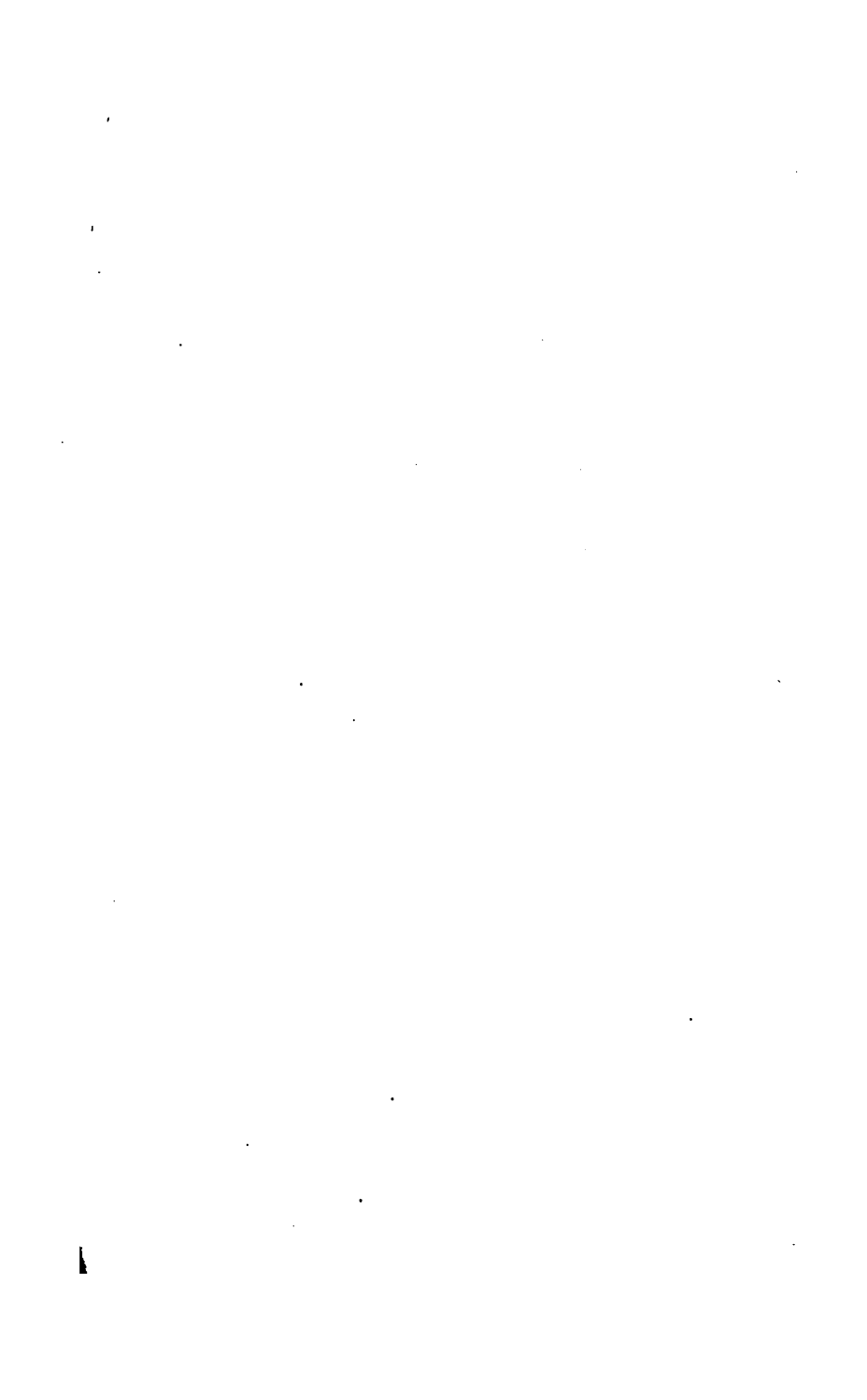
[* These notes have been very much abridged in this edition.]

Early in the year 1799, while yet in my nineteenth year, I left Ireland, for the first time, and proceeded to London, with the two not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, my Translation of Anacreon. One of those persons to whom, through the active zeal of friends, some part of my manuscript had been submitted before it went to press, was Doctor Laurence, the able friend of Burke; and, as an instance, however slight, of that ready variety of learning, as well the lightest as the most solid, for which Laurence was so remarkable, the following extract from the letter written by him, in returning the manuscript to my friend Dr. Hume, may not be without some interest:—

“ Dec. 20, 1799.

“ I return you the four odes which you were so kind to communicate for my poor opinion. They are, in many parts, very elegant and poetical; and, in some passages, Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are, in not a few places, rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation.

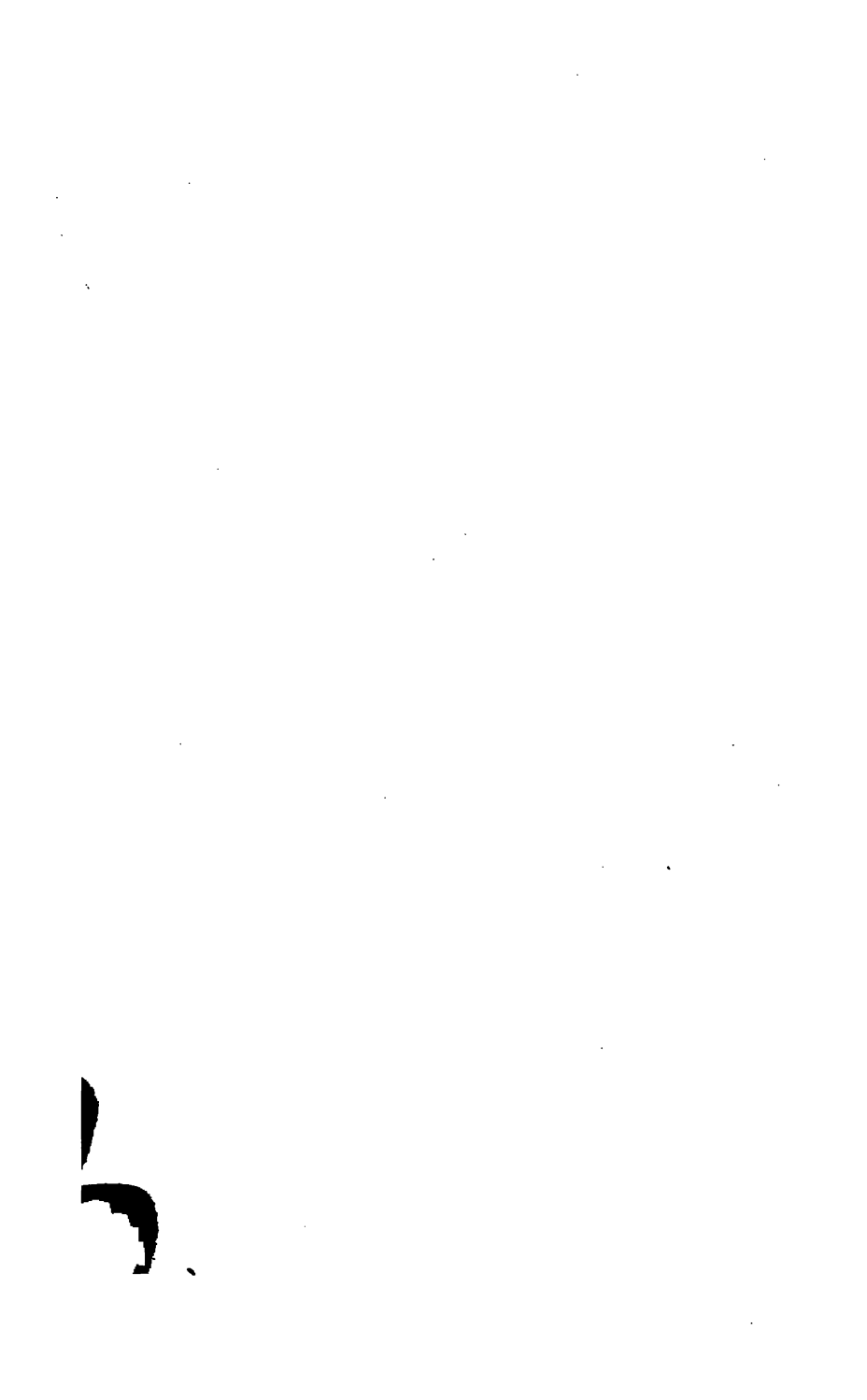
“ In the fifty-third ode there is, in my judgment, a no less sound than beautiful emendation suggested—would you suppose it?—by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured to express the sense of it in a couplet



ODES OF ANACREON

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE.



TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

IN allowing me to dedicate this Work to Your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly : and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR,
With every sentiment of respect,
Your Royal Highness's
Very grateful and devoted Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

2

INDEX.

It may be necessary to mention, that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

ODE		BARNES.
1. ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ ἰδὼν με		63.
2. Δοτε μοι λυρὴν Ὀμηρου		48.
3. Ἀγε, ζωγραφῶν ἀριστε		49.
4. Τὸν ἀργυρὸν τορευῶν		17.
5. Καλλιτεχνὰ μοι τορευσοῦν		18.
6. Στεφὸς πλεκῶν ποῦ' εὔρου		59.
7. Δεγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες		11.
8. Οὐ μοι μελεῖ τὰ Γυγού		15.
9. Ἀφες με τοὺς θεοὺς σοι		31.
10. Τί σοι θέλεις ποιήσω		12.
11. Ἐρωτὰ κηρῖνον τίς		10.
12. Οἱ μὲν καλὴν Κυβηβὴν		13.
13. Θέλω, θέλω φίλησαι		14.
14. Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δενδρῶν		32.
15. Ἐρασμὴ πέλεια		9.
16. Ἀγε, ζωγραφῶν ἀριστε		28.
17. Γράφε μοι Βαθυλλὸν οὕτω		29.
18. Δοτε μοι, δοτε γυναῖκες		21.
19. Πὰρὰ τὴν σκιὴν, Βαθυλλέ		22.
20. Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἐρωτὰ		30.
21. Ἢ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει		19.

22. Ἡ Τανταλου ποτ' ἐσθῆ	20.
23. Θέλω λεγεῖν Ἀτρεΐδας	1.
24. Φύσις κεράτα ταυροῖς	2.
25. Σὺ μὲν φίλῃ χελιδὼν	33.
26. Σὺ μὲν λεγεις τὰ Θηβῆς	16.
27. Εἰ ισχίους μὲν ἱπποῖ	53.
28. Ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης	45.
29. Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φίλησαι	46.
30. Ἐδοκοῦν ὄναρ τροχάζειν	44.
31. Ὑακινθῶν με βαβδῶ	7.
32. Ἐπὶ μῦρσιναις τερεῖναις	4.
33. Μεσσονυκτιῶ ποθ' ὥραις	3.
34. Μακαρίζομεν σε, τETTIΞ	43.
35. Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν βοδοῖσι	40.
36. Ὁ πλοῦτος ἐγχε χρυσοῦ	23.
37. Διὰ νυκτὸς ἐγκαθενδῶν	8.
38. Ὑλαροὶ πῶμεν οἶνον	41.
39. Φίλῳ γέροντα τερπνόν	47.
40. Ἐπειδὴ βροτὸς ἐτυχθῆν	24.
41. Τί καλὸν ἐστὶ βαδίζειν	66.
42. Ποθεῶ μὲν Διονύσου	42.
43. Στεφανοὺς μὲν κροταφοῖσι	6.
44. Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν ἐρωτῶν	5.
45. Ὅταν πινῶ τὸν οἶνον	25.
46. Ἰδε, πῶς ἕαρος φανετὸς	37.
47. Ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἰμι	38.
48. Ὅταν ὁ Βακχὸς εἰσελθῇ	26.
49. Τοῦ Διὸς ὁ παῖς Βακχὸς	27.
50. Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶν τὸν οἶνον	39.
51. Μὴ με φυγῆς ὀρώσα	34.
52. Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις	36.
53. Ὅτ' ἐγὼ νεῶν ὁμίλῳ	54.
54. Ὁ ταυρὸς οὗτος, ὦ παῖ	35.
55. Στεφανηφόρου μετ' Ἡρὸς	51.
56. Ὁ τὸν ἐν πόνοις ἀτειρῇ	50.
57. Ἀρα τίς τορεῦσε πόντον	49.

58. Ὁ δραπετης ὁ χρυσοσ	66.
59. Τον μελανοχρωτα βοτρυν	52.
60. Ανα βαρβιτον δονησω	64.
* * * *		
61. Πολιοι μεν ημεν ηδη	56.
62. Αγε δη, φερ' ημεν, ω παι	57.
63. Τον Ερωτα γαρ τον άβρον	58.
64. Γουνουμαι σ' ελαφηβολε	60.
65. Πωλε Θρηκη, τι δη με	61.
66. Θεων ανασσα, Κυπρι	62.
66. Ω παι παρθενιον βλεπων	67.
67. Εγω δ' ουτ' αν Αμαλθειας	68.

For the order of the rest, see the Notes.



AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ΕΠΙ ροδαιοις ταπησι,
Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελισσῆς
Ίλαρος γελῶν ἐκεῖτο,
Μεθύων τε καὶ λυγίζων
Ἀμφὶ αὐτὸν οἱ δ' ἐρωτες
'Απαλοὶ συνεχορυσαν'
'Ὁ βελῆ τα τῆς Κυθῆρης
Ἐποiei, ψυχῆς οἰστους
'Ὁ δὲ λευκὰ πορφυροῖσι
Κρῖνα σὺν ροδοῖσι πλεξας,
Ἐφίλει στεφῶν γερῶντα
Ἦ δὲ θεῶν ἀνασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' ἐξ Ὀλυμποῦ
Ἐσορῶσ' Ἀνακρεῶντα,
Ἐσορῶσα τοὺς ἐρωτας,
'Υπομειδίσσας εἶπε
Σοφε δ' ὥς Ἀνακρεῶντα
Τὸν σοφωτάτον ἅπαντων
Καλεοῦσιν οἱ σοφίσται,

little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

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REMARKS ON ANACREON.

THERE is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes,* who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limit of history and romance,† and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.‡

* He is quoted by Athenæus *εν τῷ περὶ τοῦ Ἀνακρεοντος*.

† The History of Anacreon, by Gacon (le Poète sans fard, as he styles himself), is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him at last, in his old age, at a country villa near Téos?

‡ The learned Bayle has detected some infidelities of quota-

Our poet was born in the city of Téos,* in the delicious region of Ionia, and the time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ.† He flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were become the asylums of genius. There is nothing certain known about his family, and those who pretend to discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, show much more of zeal than of either accuracy or judgment.‡

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and, while Pythag-

tion in Le Fevre. (*Dictionnaire Historique, &c.*) Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

* The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecêre Poetæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus, etc." — *Solinus*.

† I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

‡ This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

oras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that, by the influence of his amatory songs, he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.*

The amours of the poet, and the rivalry of the tyrant,† I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been really such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those princes who may be said to have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first,

* *Ανακρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ημερωσε.* Maxim. Tyr. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

† In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Souderi consulted nature more than truth.

according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. From his court, which was a sort of galaxy of genius, Anacreon could not long be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet readily embraced the invitation, and the Muses and the Loves were wafted with him to Athens.*

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone; † and, however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who see in this easy and characteristic death a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help admiring that his fate should have been so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:— ‡

* There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called "Anacréon Citoyen."

† Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uvæ passæ acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidæ in *οἰκονομῆς*; alii enim hoc mortis genere periisse tradunt Sophoclem." — *Fabricii Bibliothec. Græc.* lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's introduction to his Anacreon.

‡ At te, sancte senex, acinus sub Tartara misit;
Cygnæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.



Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd along
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,

The grape hath clos'd for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever.

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Lost his sweet vital breath;

Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Once hallow'd vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death.

It has been supposed by some writers that Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries; and the very thought of an intercourse between persons so congenial, both in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.*

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the

Vos, hederæ, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite, lauri,
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ causam diræ protulit, uva, necis,
Creditor ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

The author of this epitaph, Cælius Calpurnius, has translated or imitated the epigrams *εἰς τὴν Μυρσινὸς βουνὴν*, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

* Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously), of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities,

tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy ; but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.* We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to have thought that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness in mere wealth.

he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:—

Εμὶ γὰρ βων εἰσαράς Σαπφῶ παρθένον ἀνδρῶνων.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as do also Olaus Borrichius and others.

• An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote:—

*Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis.*

To Love and Bacchus ever young
While sage Anacreon touched the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
But never, never, reach'd his heart.

The cheerfulness, indeed, with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristically throughout all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few vices in our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.*

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned

* Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes also a little profane. Baillet runs too much into the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "*un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité.*" — *Jugement des Scavans*, M.CV.

Barnes could hardly have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question being manifest irony, in allusion to some censure passed upon Le Fevre for his Anacreon. It is clear, indeed, that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpinus (de Utilitate Poëtica), who vindicates our poet's reputation.

with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work *, has been considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent suavity of expression which should characterize the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,† we need not be diffident in expressing

* It is taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Belleri has copied the same head into his Imagines. Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters TEIOΣ around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin, with the word TIANΩN inscribed, in the left; "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one, which though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word THION, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?" — *De Wilde*.

† Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. od. 9.), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17; and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.* They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment.† He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion: and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those

* See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, &c. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." — *Pœt. lib. i. cap. 44.* "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, etc." — *Dissertationes Academicæ*, de Poetis, diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun; speaking of the *μελος*, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc *μελη* sed etiam in ipsis mella." See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing also the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos sublimes animæ, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quæso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri suavitate palmam præripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravina della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97. Among the *Ritratti* of Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning "Cingotemi la fronte," etc. etc.

† "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace:—but the modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

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In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind

of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.* The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.†

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and the apparent facility, perhaps, of his metre have attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to the writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been half so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototypes, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, deprived the world of some of the most exquisite treasures of ancient

* In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin, et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all, as it appears to me, mistaken the accentuation of the words.

† The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9.). The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

times.* The works of Sappho and Alcæus were among those flowers of Grecian literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive;† and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
Delevit ætas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was

* See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Hæc auro contra cara non potui non apponere."

† We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

Ἀγε μοι, λυγρὰ φορμυγῆ,
Μετὰ Τηϊᾶν αὐδᾶν,
Μετὰ Δεσβιαν τε μολπᾶν.

Margunius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

the “Anacreon Recantatus,” by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,* who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern Latin poets; and Scaliger, Taubman, Barthius,† and others, have shown that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.‡ The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; as they glitter all over with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The

* This, perhaps, is the “Jesuita quidam Græculus” alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an *Ἀνακρεὼν Χριστιανός*, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

† I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

‡ Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:—

Fidil tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse,
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudare pumillilis
Anacreonticillis.

See the *Danish Poets* collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. A beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius, may be found Lib. i. Farraginis.

beautiful fictions of Angerianus* preserve more happily than any others the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon, Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabrieria and others.†

To judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations; and Hagedorn‡ is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have also professed to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the simple grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras§ we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of

* To Angerianus Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mythological subjects.

† See Crescimbeni, *Historia della Volg. Poes.*

‡ "L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacréon." — *Dorât, Idée de la Poésie Allemande.*

§ See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his *Life*, prefixed to a translation of his *Satires*, by the Abbé de Guasco.

Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposed. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.* In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,† accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has

* Robortellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist.

† Ronsard commemorates this event:—

Je vay boire à Henrie Etienne
 Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
 Du vieil Anacréon perdu,
 La douce lyre Telenne. Ode xv. book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
 Who rescued from the gloom of night
 The Teian bard of festive fame,
 And brought his living lyre to light.

followed in his collation. Accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a fac-simile of those pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the odes of Anacreon.*

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which it has been in my power to collect; and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris — the Latin version is attributed by Colomesius to John Dorat.†

* This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 676th page of it are found the *Ἡμαμβία Συμπόσιακα* of Anacreon.

† “Le même (M. Vossius) m’a dit qu’il avoit possédé un Anacréon, ou Scaliger avoit marqué de sa main, qu’ Henri Etienne n’étoit pas l’auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat.” — *Pœulus Colomesias, Particularités.*

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius; — almost all these *Particularités* begin with “M. Vossius m’a dit.”

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau — the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulgated it to the world.*

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.†

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by la Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Gaçon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by

* "La fiction de ce sonnet comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduit, *Σὺ μὲν φίλη χελιδών.*"

† The author of *Nouvelles de la Répub. des Lett.* bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify.

Corsini, Regnier *, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.†

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.‡

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Gail, at Paris, 1799, with a prose translation.

* The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; but they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, from a passage in the *Menagiana*, bestowed some research on the subject. "C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le tems que je travaillois sur Anacréon." — *Menagiana*, seconde partie.

† I find in Haym's *Notizia de' Libri rari*, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Cappone, mentioned.

‡ This is the most complete of the English translations.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure ;
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye ;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide ;
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue ;

I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now:¹
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.



ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dew
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.

¹ *And ah! I feel its magic now:*] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram of the seventh book of the *Anthologia*.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'T was then thy fingers slyly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul.

Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.



ODE III.

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

ODE IV.

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No — let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side,
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way;
While Venus, from her arbour green,
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Lyæus by her side
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

ODE V.

SCULPTOR, wouldst thou glad my soul,
 Grave for me an ample bowl,
 Worthy to shine in hall or bower,
 When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.
 Grave it with themes of chaste design,
 Fit for a simple board like mine.
 Display not there the barbarous rites
 In which religious zeal delights;
 Nor any tale of tragic fate
 Which History shudders to relate.
 No — cull thy fancies from above,
 Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
 Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
 Distil the grape in drops of joy,
 And while he smiles at every tear,
 Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,
 With spirits of the genial bed,
 The dewy herbage deftly tread.
 Let Love be there, without his arms,¹
 In timid nakedness of charms;

¹ *Let Love be there, without his arms, etc.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:—*

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
 Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
 Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
 A train of naked Cupids came,

And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
 Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove ;
 While rosy boys disporting round,
 In circlets trip the velvet ground.
 But ah ! if there Apollo toys,
 I tremble for the rosy boys.



ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
 To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
 Where many an early rose was weeping,
 I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.¹

Sporting around in harmless ring,
 Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris:—

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatuſ est amor.

Love is disarm'd — ye nymphs, in safety stray,
 Your bosoms now may boast a holiday !

¹ *Where many an early rose was weeping,
 I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.*] This idea is prettily
 imitated in an epigram by Andreas Naugerius:—

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella, etc.

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
 A wreath of many mingled flow'rets wove,
 Within a rose a sleeping Love she found,
 And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
 Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
 To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied ;



I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.



ODE VII.

THE women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,

But when he saw her bosom's radiant swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught th' ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus," (said the raptur'd child,
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguill'd,)
"Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
"Hyella's arms shall now be Cupid's throne!"

That still as death approaches nearer,
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;¹
 And had I but an hour to live,
 That little hour to bliss I'd give.

ODE VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state
 Of Persia's king, the rich, the great:
 I envy not the monarch's throne,
 Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
 But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
 Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;
 Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
 To cool and scent my locks of snow.²

¹ *That still as death approaches nearer,
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;*] Pontanus has a very
 delicate thought upon the subject of old age:—

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis amantem?
 Quisquis amat nullâ est conditione senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
 And with a smile my brow behold?
 Lady dear! believe this truth,
 That he who loves cannot be old.

² *Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
 To cool and scent my locks of snow.*] Angerianus has intro-
 duced the same idea in the following lines:—

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
 Et curas multo delapidare mero.

To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
 As if to-morrow ne'er would shine ;
 But if to-morrow comes, why then —
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
 And thus while all our days are bright,
 Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
 Let us the festal hours beguile
 With mantling cup and cordial smile ;
 And shed from each new bowl of wine
 The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
 For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
 May come, when least we wish him present,
 And beckon to the sable shore,
 And grimly bid us — drink no more !



ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
 Give me the mighty bowl I love,
 And let me sing, in wild delight,
 "I will — I will be mad to-night !"

*Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
 Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.*

This be my care, to wreathe my brow with flowers,
 To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl ;
 To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers,
 And give full loose to mirth and joy of soul !

Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes, too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.
But ne'er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night."

Alcides' self, in days of yore,
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armour but this joyous flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing —¹
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did, of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!

¹ *Silly swallow, prating thing, etc.*] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus:—

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

ODE XI.

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
'Twas not I who dared to make it;
No, believe me, 't was not I;
Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"

Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt:
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove ;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound !
Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity !
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While floating odours round me swim,
While mantling bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too —
Mad, my girl, with love for you !

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will, the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart ;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd ;

And so repell'd the tender lure,
And hop'd my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms ;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do ?
I took to arms, undaunted, too ;¹

¹ *And what did I unthinking do ?*

I took to arms, undaunted, too ;] Longepierre has here quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field ;
Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd ;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas ! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior, what should I do ?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so truly Anacreontic, that its introduction here may be pardoned. It is an imitation, indeed, of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend' io
Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
Ch'or con l'humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
Ma che sarei s' io lo bevessi un giorno,
Bacco, nel tuo liquore ?
Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore.

Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed,
And I had just in terror fled —
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!
My heart — alas the luckless day!
Receiv'd the God, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
The foe's within, and triumphs there.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
(Shepherd-youth, the tale believe,)
'Twas not a cooling, crystal draught,
'Twas liquid flame I madly quaff'd;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide;
And now the wily, wanton minion
Plays round my heart with restless pinion.
A day it was of fatal star,
But ah, 't were even more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flutt'ring, young desire:
Then, then indeed my soul would prove,
Ev'n more than ever, drunk with love!

ODE XIV.¹

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
 Every leaf that courts the breeze;²
 Count me, on the foamy deep,
 Every wave that sinks to sleep;

¹ Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic:—

Εἰ ἀλσεων τα φύλλα, κ.τ.λ.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
 Tell the billows of the floods,
 Number midnight's starry store,
 And the sands that crowd the shore,
 Then, my Bion, thou mayst count
 Of my loves the vast amount.
 I've been loving, all my days,
 Many nymphs, in many ways;
 Virgin, widow, maid, and wife —
 I've been doting all my life.
 Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
 Goddesses of groves and mountains,
 Fair and sable, great and small,
 Yes, I swear I've lov'd them all!
 Soon was every passion over,
 I was but the moment's lover;
 Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
 That the Queen of Love herself,
 Though she practis'd all her wiles,
 Rosy blushes, wreathed smiles,
 All her beauty's proud endeavour
 Could not chain my heart for ever.

² *Count me on the summer trees,
 Every leaf, etc.]* The amatory writers have exhausted a

Then, when you have number'd these
 Billowy tides and leafy trees,
 Count me all the flames I prove,
 All the gentle nymphs I love.
 First, of pure Athenian maids
 Sporting in their olive shades,
 You may reckon just a score,
 Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
 In the fam'd Corinthian grove,
 Where such countless wantons rove,
 Chains of beauties may be found,
 Chains, by which my heart is bound;
 There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
 Dangerous to a soul like mine.
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
 Many in Ionia smile;

world of imagery, to express the infinite number of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

— *Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox, etc.* Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
 As through the silent waste of night,
 Gazing upon this world of shade,
 Witness some secret youth and maid,
 Who fair as thou, and fond as I,
 In stolen joys enamour'd lie, —
 So many kisses, ere I slumber,
 Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
 So many kisses we shall count,
 Envy can never tell the amount.
 No tongue shall blab the sum, but mine;
 No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all — of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.
What, you stare? I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I numbered every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving — all are lov'd!

ODE XV.

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?

Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song ;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye ;—
She, whose eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any.
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('T was in sooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion,—
Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
“Soon, my bird, I'll set you free.”
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from rugged haunts like these.

From Anacreon's hand I eat
 Food delicious, viands sweet;
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
 Sip the foamy wine with him.
 Then, when I have wanton'd round
 To his lyre's beguiling sound;
 Or with gently-moving wings
 Fann'd the minstrel while he sings:
 On his harp I sink in slumbers,
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all — away — away —
 You have made me waste the day,
 How I've chatter'd! prating crow
 Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.¹

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
 Mimic form and soul infuse,
 Best of painters, come portray
 The lovely maid that's far away.

¹ This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, etc. etc. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his *Anacreontica*:—

Olim lepore blando,
 Litis versibus
 Candidus Anacreon
 Quam pingeret amicus
 Descripsit Venerem suam.

Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze,
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.¹

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace.

¹ *Mix'd with the liquid light that lies*

In Cytherea's languid eyes.] Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida:—

O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and soften'd red;
 Mingling tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
 Sweet petitioner for kisses,
 Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
 Mutely courting Love's invasion.
 Next, beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple hides a Love within,¹
 Mould her neck with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending;
 While countless charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter round its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil,
 Shadow her form, but not conceal;

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
 Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
 A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
 Soft as the broken solar beam,
 That trembles in the azure stream.

¹ *Nest, beneath the velvet chin,*

Whose dimple hides a Love within, etc.] Madame Dacier has
 quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:—

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
 By Cupid's own finger imprest;
 There Beauty, bewitchingly simple,
 Has chosen her innocent nest.

A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough — 'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!



ODE XVII.

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
 Let his hair, in masses bright,
 Fall like floating rays of light;
 And there the raven's die confuse
 With the golden sunbeam's hues.
 Let no wreath, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine;
 But leave them loose to every breeze,
 To take what shape and course they please.
 Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
 But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,
 Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.
 Mix in his eyes the power alike,
 With love to win, with awe to strike;¹

¹ *Mix in his eyes the power alike,*

With love to win, with awe to strike; etc.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:—

Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
 From Venus her soft glance of fire;
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
 And there, if art so far can go,
 Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.
 While, for his mouth — but no, — in vain
 Would words its witching charm explain.
 Make it the very seat, the throne,
 That Eloquence would claim her own;¹
 And let the lips, though silent, wear
 A life-look, as if words were there.

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
 Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were flashing with a heavenly heat,
 A fire that, even in anger, still was sweet.

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression: —

Occhi lucenti e belli, etc.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
 Whence in your little orbit lie
 So many different traits of fire,
 Expressing each a new desire.
 Now with pride or scorn you darkle,
 Now with love, with gladness, sparkle,
 While we who view the varying mirror,
 Feel by turns both hope and terror.

¹ *That Eloquence would claim her own;*] We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
 With which he waves his snaky wand;
 Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
 And Leda's son the sinewy thigh;
 While, through his whole transparent frame,
 Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,
 Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
 Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,
 Or its enamour'd touch would show
 The shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in veiling shadow lies,
 Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
 Now, for his feet — but hold — forbear —
 I see the sun-god's portrait there;
 Why paint Bathyllus? when, in truth,
 There, in that god, thou'st sketch'd the youth.

by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse:—

Οὐδ' ἀργυρεὴ ποτ' ἐλαμψε Πειθῶ.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
 In silver splendours, not her own.

Enough — let this bright form be mine,
 And send the boy to Samos' shrine;
 Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then, the deity!



ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid I expire.
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now
 Lives upon my feverish brow;
 Every dewy rose I wear
 Sheds its tears, and withers there.¹

¹ *Every dewy rose I wear*

Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here: —

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
 Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
 At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
 Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.
 By Celia's harbour all the night
 Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;

But to you, my burning heart,
 What can now relief impart?
 Can brimming bowl, or flowret's dew,
 Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.¹

HERE recline you, gentle maid,²
 Sweet is this embowering shade;
 Sweet the young, the modest trees,
 Ruffled by the kissing breeze;

And haply, at the morning light,
 My love shall twine thee round her brow.
 Then, if upon her bosom bright
 Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
 Tell her, they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me!

¹ Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the epigram, (as somewhat resembling this ode,) *Ερχεο και κατ' εμην λευ πιτυν*, κ.τ.λ. :—

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
 That covers my sylvan retreat;
 And see how the branches incline
 The breathing of zephyr to meet.
 See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
 Around me a glittering spray;
 By its brink, as the traveller muses,
 I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

² *Here recline you, gentle maid, etc.*] The Vatican MS. reads *βαθυλλον*, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of *βαθυλλον*, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended

Sweet the little founts that weep,
 Lulling soft the mind to sleep;
 Hark! they whisper as they roll,
 Calm persuasion to the soul;
 Tell me, tell me, is not this
 All a stilly scene of bliss?
 Who, my girl, would pass it by?
 Surely neither you nor I.

ODE XX.¹

ONE day the Muses twin'd the hands
 Of infant Love with flow'ry bands;
 And to celestial Beauty gave
 The captive infant for her slave.

to in writing of his boy *Αστηρ*. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertes, which turns upon the same word.

*Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωουσιν εως,
 Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις εσπερος εν φθιμενοις.*

In life thou wert my morning star,
 But now that death has stol'n thy light,
 Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
 Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

¹ The poet appears, in this graceful allegory, to describe the softening influence which poetry holds over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato, (Diog. Laert. lib. 8.) the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;¹

Ἄ Κυπρίς Μουσῶν, κοράσια, τὰν Ἀφροδίταν
Τίματ', ἢ τὸν ἔρωτα ὑμῖν ἐφοπλισομαι.
Αἱ Μοῦσαι ποτὶ Κυπρίν, ἄρει τὰ στομνύλα τὰντα·
Ἢμιν οὐ πετάται τοῦτο τὸ παιδάριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms —
"Or Love shall flutter through your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"
"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all'auree chiome Amore, etc.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Found, at each step, such sweet delays,
That rapt he linger'd there.

And how, indeed, was Love to fly,
Or how his freedom find,
When every ringlet was a tie,
A chain, by Beauty twin'd.

In vain to seek her boy's release,
Comes Venus from above:
Fond mother, let thy efforts cease,
Love's now the slave of Love.

And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

¹ *His mother comes, with many a toy,*

To ransom her beloved boy; etc.] In the first idyl of Moschus, Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child:—

His mother sues, but all in vain, —
 He ne'er will leave his chains again.
 Even should they take his chains away,
 The little captive still would stay.
 "If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
 Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XXI.¹

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
 She drinks the droppings of the sky;
 And then the dewy cordial gives
 To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.

Ὁ μανντᾶς γερασ ἔξει,
 Μισθὸς τοι, το φίλαμα το Κυπριδὸς· ἦν δ', ἀγαγῆς νιν
 Οὐ γυμνον το φίλαμα, τυ δ', ὦ ξενε, καὶ πλεον ἔξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
 A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
 But he, who can bring back the urchin in chains,
 Shall receive even something more sweet for his pains.

¹ One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard:—

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus, etc.
 When life was mine, the little hour
 In drinking still unvaried flew;
 I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
 Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
 As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
 Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
 Silenus trembled at my cup,
 And Bacchus was outdone by me!

The vapours, which at evening weep,
 Are beverage to the swelling deep ;
 And when the rosy sun appears,
 He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
 The moon too quaffs her paly stream
 Of lustre, from the solar beam.
 Then, hence with all your sober thinking !
 Since Nature's holy law is drinking ;
 I'll make the laws of nature mine,
 And pledge the universe in wine.

ODE XXII.¹

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
 Was once a weeping matron's form ;
 And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
 Is now a swallow in the shade.

¹ Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select the following epigram of Dionysius:—

Εὐθ' ἀνεμὸς γενομένη, σὺ δὲ γέ στειχούσα παρ' ἀνγᾶς, κ.τ.λ.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
 To wanton o'er thy mazy vest ;
 And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
 And take me panting to thy breast !
 I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
 And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
 To place me on that breast of snow,
 Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
 That I might catch that smile divine;
 And like my own fond fancy be,
 Reflecting thee, and only thee;
 Or could I be the robe which holds
 That graceful form within its folds;
 Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave
 Thy beauties in my circling wave.
 Would I were perfume for thy hair,
 To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
 Or, better still, the zone, that lies
 Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.
 Or ev'n those envious pearls that show
 So faintly round that neck of snow —
 Yes, I would be a happy gem,
 Like them to hang, to fade like them.
 What more would thy Anacreon be?
 Oh, any thing that touches thee;

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
 To fade upon that bosom warm,
 Content to wither, pale and brief,
 The trophy of thy fairer form!

I may add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:—

*Αστερας εισαθρεις, Αστηρ εμος. ειθε γενομην
 Ουρανος, ὥς πολλοῖς ομμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω.*

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
 Oh! that I were that tangled sphere,
 And every star should be an eye,
 To wonder on thy beauties here!

Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet!



ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre.
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And all that one has felt so well
The other shall as sweetly tell!

His mother sues, but all in vain,—
 He ne'er will leave his chains again.
 Even should they take his chains away,
 The little captive still would stay.
 "If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
 Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

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 Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
 As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
 Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
 Silenus trembled at my cup,
 And Bacchus was outdone by me!

She gave thee beauty — mightier far
 Than all the pomp and power of war.
 Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
 Like woman, in her conquering hour.
 Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee!



ODE XXV.

ONCE in each revolving year,
 Gentle bird! we find thee here.
 When Nature wears her summer-vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
 But when the chilling winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
 Where sunny hours for ever smile.
 And thus thy pinion rests and roves, —
 Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,¹

¹ *Alas! unlike the swarm of loves.*] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the *Anthologia*: —

Αἰεὶ μοι ὄνει μεν ἐν οὐασιν ἡλὸς ἐρωτός, κ.τ.λ.

'T is Love that murmurs in my breast,
 And makes me shed the secret tear;
 Nor day nor night my soul hath rest,
 For night and day his voice I hear.

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
 That I might catch that smile divine;
 And like my own fond fancy be,
 Reflecting thee, and only thee;
 Or could I be the robe which holds
 That graceful form within its folds;
 Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave
 Thy beauties in my circling wave.
 Would I were perfume for thy hair,
 To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
 Or, better still, the zone, that lies
 Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.
 Or ev'n those envious pearls that show
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 Yes, I would be a happy gem,
 Like them to hang, to fade like them.
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TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
 Oh! that I were that tangled sphere,
 And every star should be an eye,
 To wonder on thy beauties here!

ODE XXVI.

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
 Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
 With other wars my song shall burn,
 For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
 'T was not the crested warrior's dart,
 That drank the current of my heart;
 Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
 Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
 No—'t was from eyes of liquid blue,
 A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;¹
 And now my heart all bleeding lies
 Beneath that army of the eyes!

¹ *No—'t was from eyes of liquid blue*

A host of quiver'd Cupids flew:] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this.

Archer Love! though sily creeping,
 Well I know where thou dost lie;
 I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
 That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

ODE XXIV.¹

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.
 In forming the majestic bull,
 She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;
 A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
 And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
 To trace their liquid path along;
 While for the umbrage of the grove,
 She plum'd the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
 The boon of intellectual power.
 Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
 Was left in Nature's treasury?

¹ The same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca
 in Pastor Fido:—

Così noi la bellezza
 Ch' è virtù nostra così propria, come
 La forza del leone,
 E l'ingegno de l' huomo.
 The lion boasts his savage powers,
 And lordly man his strength of mind;
 But beauty's charm is solely ours,
 Peculiar boon, by Heav'n assign'd.

ODE XXVIII.

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,
 The husband of the Paphian dame
 Moulded the glowing steel, to form
 Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
 And Venus, as he plied his art,
 Shed honey round each new-made dart,
 While Love, at hand, to finish all,
 Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;¹
 It chanc'd the Lord of Battles came
 To visit that deep cave of flame.
 'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
 His spear with many a life-drop blush'd;

¹ *While Love, at hand, to finish all,*

Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;] Thus Claudian:—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
 Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
 Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
 And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
 In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
 The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace,
 may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:—

—— ferus et Cupido
 Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
 Cote cruentâ.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
 Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd
 Contemtuons at the archer-child.
 "What!" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?
 Here, hold this little dart awhile,
 And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
 My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, thy look,
 Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took! —
 Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,
 And cried, in agony of heart,
 "It is not light — I sink with pain!
 Take — take thy arrow back again."
 "No," said the child, "it must not be;
 That little dart was made for thee!"



ODE XXIX.

YES — loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still; ¹
 But oh, it is the worst of pain,
 To love and not be lov'd again!

¹ *Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still; etc.*] An Anacreontic,
 addressed by Menage to Daniel Huet, enforces, with much grace,
 the "necessity of loving:" —

Μεγα θάυμα των αιδων, κ.τ.λ.,

Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nurst;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 't is pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

171

Gold is the woman's only theme,
 Gold is the woman's only dream.
 Oh! never be that wretch forgiven —
 Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
 Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
 Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
 Since that devoted thirst began,
 Man has forgot to feel for man;
 The pulse of social life is dead,
 And all its fonder feelings fled!
 War too has sullied Nature's charms,
 For gold provokes the world to arms:
 And oh! the worst of all its arts,
 It rends asunder loving hearts.



ODE XXX.

'T WAS in a mocking dream of night —
 I fancied I had wings as light
 As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;
 While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
 I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
 Pursued me, as I trembling fled;
 And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
 Spite of my pinions, I was caught!
 What does the wanton Fancy mean
 By such a strange, illusive scene?
 I fear she whispers to my breast,
 That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;

h

That though my fancy, for a while,
 Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
 I soon dissolv'd each passing vow,
 And ne'er was caught by love till now !

ODE XXXI.¹

ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,
 (Arms enough for such a god,)
 Cupid bade me wing my pace,
 And try with him the rapid race.
 O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
 By tangled brake and pendent steep,

¹ Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this ode: —

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis, etc.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
 My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
 When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
 And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.
 "What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
 Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
 I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
 Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way;
 Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
 Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
 Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
 Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,
 I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
 Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
 Wander the world around, unknowing where,
 The slave of love, the victim of despair !

He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd
 Contemptuous at the archer-child.
 "What!" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?
 Here, hold this little dart awhile,
 And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
 My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, thy look,
 Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took! —
 Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,
 And cried, in agony of heart,
 "It is not light — I sink with pain!
 Take — take thy arrow back again."
 "No," said the child, "it must not be;
 That little dart was made for thee!"



ODE XXIX.

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still;¹
 But oh, it is the worst of pain,
 To love and not be lov'd again!

¹ *Yes — loving is a painful thrill,*

And not to love more painful still; etc.] An Anacreontic,
 addressed by Menage to Daniel Huet, enforces, with much grace,
 the "necessity of loving:" —

Μεγα θαυμα των αυδων, κ.τ.λ.,

Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nurst;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wiseest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 't is pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven —
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.



ODE XXX.

'T WAS in a mocking dream of night —
I fancied I had wings as light
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled;
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;

That though my fancy, for a while,
 Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
 I soon dissolv'd each passing vow,
 And ne'er was caught by love till now !

ODE XXXI.¹

ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,
 (Arms enough for such a god,)
 Cupid bade me wing my pace,
 And try with him the rapid race.
 O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
 By tangled brake and pendent steep,

¹ Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this ode: —

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis, etc.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
 My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
 When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
 And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.
 "What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
 Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
 I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
 Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way;
 Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
 Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
 Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
 Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,
 I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
 Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
 Wander the world around, unknowing where,
 The slave of love, the victim of despair!

With weary foot I panting flew,
 Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.
 And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
 To my lip was faintly flying;¹
 And now I thought the spark had fled,
 When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
 And fanning light his breezy pinion,
 Rescued my soul from death's dominion;
 Then said, in accents half-reproving,
 "Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.²

STREW me a fragrant bed of leaves,
 Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
 And while in luxury's dream I sink,
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!

¹ *And now my soul, exhausted, dying,*

To my lip was faintly flying; etc.] In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich quoted by Aulus Gellius:—

Την ψυχην, Ἀγαθωνα φίλων, ἐπὶ χειλεσιν ἐσχον.
 Ἠλθε γὰρ ἡ τλημων ὥς διαβησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
 And drink thy breath, in trance divine,
 My soul then flutters to my lip,
 Ready to fly and mix with thine.

² We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Sappho, in one of her fragments, has assigned this office to Venus. Ἐλθε, Κυπρι,

In this sweet hour of revelry
 Young Love shall my attendant be —
 Drest for the task, with tunic round
 His snowy neck and shoulders bound,
 Himself shall hover by my side,
 And minister the racy tide !

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,
 Our life is hurrying to the goal :
 A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
 Is all the trace 't will leave behind.
 Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb ?
 Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
 Affect the still, cold sense of death ?
 Oh no ; I ask no balm to steep
 With fragrant tears my bed of sleep :

*χρυσαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν ἄβροις συμμεμυγμενον θαλιασι νεκταρ
 εὐνοχουσα τουτοις τοις ἑταιροις εμοις γε και σοις.*

Which may be thus paraphrased : —

Hither, Venus, queen of kisses,
 This shall be the night of blisses ;
 This the night, to friendship dear,
 Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
 Fill the golden brimmer high,
 Let it sparkle like thine eye ;
 Bid the rosy current gush,
 Let it mantle like thy blush.
 Goddess, hast thou e'er above
 Seen a feast so rich in love ?
 Not a soul that is not mine !
 Not a soul that is not thine !

With weary foot I panting flew,
 Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.
 And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
 To my lip was faintly flying;¹
 And now I thought the spark had fled,
 When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
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 Let it sparkle like thine eye;
 Bid the rosy current gush,
 Let it mantle like thy blush.
 Goddess, hast thou e'er above
 Seen a feast so rich in love?
 Not a soul that is not mine!
 Not a soul that is not thine!

But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow in sweets expire;
And bring the nymph whose eye hath power
To brighten even death's cold hour.
Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer,
I'll make my own elysium here!



ODE XXXIII.

'T WAS noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe ;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow,
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.
'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze ;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away ;
" I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
" I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear, the midnight shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew :
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came !
" Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away ;

“ Fare thee well, for now I know
 The rain has not relax’d my bow ;
 It still can send a thrilling dart,
 As thou shalt own with all thy heart ! ”

ODE XXXIV.¹

OH thou, of all creation blest,
 Sweet insect, that delight’st to rest
 Upon the wild wood’s leafy tops,
 To drink the dew that morning drops,
 And chirp thy song with such a glee,
 That happiest kings may envy thee.
 Whatever decks the velvet field,
 Whate’er the circling seasons yield,
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
 Nor yet art thou the peasant’s fear,
 To him thy friendly notes are dear ;

¹ In a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, Rapin has preserved some of the thoughts of our author : —

O quæ virenti graminis in toro, etc.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
 Which Nature’s vernal hand has spread,
 Reclinest soft, and tun’st thy song,
 The dewy herbs and leaves among !
 Whether thou ly’st on springing flowers,
 Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
 Or, etc.

For thou art mild as matin dew ;
 And still, when summer's flowery hue
 Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
 We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;
 Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
 And bless the notes and thee revere !
 The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;
 Apollo calls thee all his own ;
 'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
 'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,
 The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
 Melodious insect, child of earth,¹
 In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth ;
 Exempt from every weak decay,
 That withers vulgar frames away ;
 With not a drop of blood to stain
 The current of thy purer vein ;
 So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
 Thou seem'st — a little deity !

¹ *Melodious insect, child of earth,*] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan: —

Αρκει τETTIΓΑΣ μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα πιοντες
 Λειδειν κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
 The gay Cicada sipping floats ;
 And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
 Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

ODE XXXV.¹

CUPID once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee.
 The bee awak'd — with anger wild
 The bee awak'd, and stung the child.

¹ I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here another of Menage's Anacreontics, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of the same natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:—

(Ερως ποτ' εν χορείαις, κ.τ.λ.)

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
 The flow'ret of the virgin train,
 My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
 Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
 He saw, and in a moment flew,
 And round her neck his arms he threw;
 Saying, with smiles of infant joy,
 "Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
 Unconscious of a mother's name,
 The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
 And angry Cupid, scarce believing
 That vision could be so deceiving—
 Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame!
 It made ev'n Cupid blush with shame.
 "Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
 For I was lingering by his side;
 "Corinna and thy lovely mother,
 Believe me, are so like each other,
 That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
 And take thy Venus for the maid."

Loud and piteous are his cries ;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies ;
“ Oh mother ! — I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do !
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so.”
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile ;
Then said, “ My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee’s touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid ! be,
The hapless heart that’s stung by thee !”



ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess’d the power
To lengthen life’s too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment’s breath,
How I would love the precious ore !
And every hour should swell my store ;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since, not all earth’s golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,

Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
 Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
 Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine
 The silent midnight of the tomb.
 No — give to others hoarded treasures —
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
 The goblet rich, the board of friends
 Whose social souls the goblet blends;¹
 And mine, while yet I've life to live,
 Those joys that love alone can give.



ODE XXXVII.

'T WAS night, and many a circling bowl
 Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul;
 As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
 Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.
 With maidens, blooming as the dawn,
 I seem'd to skim the opening lawn;

¹ *The goblet rich, the board of friends,*

Whose social souls the goblet blends; | This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. *Ἑγμῖναι μὲν ἀριστον ἀνδρὶ θνητῷ. Δευτερον δὲ, καλὸν φηγὴν γενεσθαι. Το τρίτον δὲ, πλουτεῖν ἀδολῶς. Καὶ τὸ τετάρτον πνεῖν μετὰ τῶν φίλων.*

Of mortal blessings here the first is health,
 And next those charms by which the eye we move;
 The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
 And then, sweet intercourse with those we love!

Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings, who look'd on —
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone,
Saw me chasing, free and wild,
These blooming maids, and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
Though none could doubt they envied me.
And still I flew — and now had caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To gather from each rosy lip
A kiss that Jove himself might sip —
When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone!¹ — “Alas!” I said,
Sighing for th' illusion fled,
“Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!”

¹ *When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone!*] “Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the
same words that Anacreon uses, —

Εγρομενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ εκιχησε, και ηθελεν ανδρι ιανειν.”

LONGEPIERRE.

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
The nymph had faded from his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid.

ODE XXXVIII.

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell ;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth ;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove ;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.
Oh 'tis from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows ;
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold ! — my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air
Where are now the tear, the sigh ?
To the winds they fly, they fly !
Grasp the bowl ; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking !
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught ?
Can we discern with all our lore,
The path we've yet to journey o'er ?

Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
 'Tis only wine can strike a spark.¹
 Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
 And through the dance meandering glide;
 Let me imbibe the spicy breath
 Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
 Or from the lips of love inhale
 A more ambrosial, richer gale!
 To hearts that court the phantom Care,
 Let him retire and shroud him there;

¹ *Alas, alas, in ways so dark,*

'Tis only wine can strike a spark!] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia.

Λουσαμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον

Ελκωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αραμενοι.

Ταιος ο χαιροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα

Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase:—

Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
 To plunge us in yon cooling stream;
 Then, hastening to the festal bower,
 We'll pass in mirth the evening hour;
 'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
 As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
 Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
 "Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
 For age will steal the graceful form,
 Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm;
 And death — alas! that hearts, which thrill
 Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
 And gild with bliss my fading hours;
 Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
 And Venus dance me to the tomb!¹



ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,
 How sweet to walk the velvet green,
 And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
 As o'er the scented mead it flies!
 How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
 Ready to burst in tears of wine;
 And with some maid, who breathes but love,
 To walk, at noontide, through the grove,²

¹ *Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
 And Venus dance me to the tomb !]* The same commentator
 has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, in
 which he makes him promulgate the precepts of good fellow
 ship even from the tomb.

Πολλὰκι μὲν τοῦτ' αἶσα, καὶ ἐκ τυμβου δε βόησω,
 Πινετε, πρὶν ταυτὴν ἀμφιβαλῆσθε κονίον.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
 And from my grave I still shall cry,
 "Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
 Ere death hath made thee cold as I."

² *And with some maid, who breathes but love,
 To walk at noontide through the grove,]* Thus Horace:—

Quid habes illius, illius
 Quæ spirabat amores,
 Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here,
 To run this mortal life's career;
 The scenes which I have journeyed o'er,
 Return no more — alas! no more;
 And all the path I've yet to go,
 I neither know nor ask to know.
 Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
 Thy fetters round this soul to link;
 Never can heart that feels with me
 Descend to be a slave to thee!¹
 And oh! before the vital thrill,
 Which trembles at my heart, is still,

¹ *Never can heart that feels with me*

Descend to be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes here an epigram from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase. Though by no means anacreontic, it is marked by an interesting simplicity which has induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπίς και συ τυχή μεγα χαιρετε. τον λυμεν' εδρον.
 Ουδεν εμοι χ' υμιν, παυσετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
 Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
 The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
 And I have reach'd my destin'd shore.
 Away, away, your flattering arts
 May now betray some simpler hearts,
 And you will smile at their believing,
 And they shall weep at your deceiving!

I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
 And gild with bliss my fading hours;
 Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
 And Venus dance me to the tomb!¹



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Πολλὰκι μὲν τοῦτ' αἶψα, καὶ ἐκ τυμβου δε βοησῶ,
 Πινετε, πρὶν ταυτὴν ἀμφιβαλῆσθε κονίον.

This lesson oft in life I sung,

And from my grave I still shall cry,

"Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,

Ere death hath made thee cold as I."

² *And with some maid, who breathes but love,*

To walk at noontide through the grove,] Thus Horace:—

Quid habes illius, illius

Quæ spirabat amores,

Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

Or sit in some cool, green recess —
 Oh, is not this true happiness?

ODE XIII.¹

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
 Where humour sparkles from the wine.
 Around me, let the youthful choir
 Respond to my enlivening lyre;
 And while the red cup foams along,
 Mingle in soul as well as song.

And does there then remain but this,
 And hast thou lost each rosy ray
 Of her, who breath'd the soul of bliss,
 And stole me from myself away?

¹ The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode: —

*Ον φίλος, ὃς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οἰνοποταζων,
 Νευκα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
 Αλλ' ὅστις Μουσων τε, και ἀγλαα δωρ' Αφροδιτης
 Συμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.*

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
 And hearts are all afloat upon its stream,
 Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest,
 Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.
 But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
 The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
 Oh! give me him, whose soul expansive breathes
 And blends refinement with the social hour.

Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy, in that hour.
Envy! — oh never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all shall be
Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move.
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!



ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings,

Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,
 Keeps measure to the music's sound ;
 Waving, in her snowy hand,
 The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
 Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
 Trembles all over to her sighs.
 A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
 Floating on the listless air,
 Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
 A tale of woes, alas, his own ;
 And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
 As o'er his lip the accents die ! ¹
 Never sure on earth has been
 Half so bright, so blest a scene.
 It seems as Love himself had come
 To make this spot his chosen home ; —

¹ *And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
 As o'er his lip the accents die !*] Longepierre has quoted here
 an epigram from the Anthologia : —

*Κουρη τις μ' ἐφίλησε ποθεσπερα χεῖλεσιν ὕγροις.
 Νεκταρ ἐπὶ το φῆλημα. το γὰρ στομα νεκταρος ἐπναι.
 Νυν μεθυω το φίλημα, πολὺν τον ἐρωτα πεπωκως.*

Of which the following paraphrase may give some idea : —

The kiss that she left on my lip,
 Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie ;
 'T was nectar she gave me to sip,
 'T was nectar I drank in her sigh.
 From the moment she printed that kiss,
 Nor reason, nor rest has been mine ;
 My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,
 And feels a delirium divine !

And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity !



ODE XLIV.

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine ;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower ;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,

I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commingle soul with every glance!

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

ODE XLVI.

BEHOLD, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Flings roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;

And mark ! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away ;
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells ;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine ;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.



ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear ;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,

But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask !
Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms ;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave.
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again !

ODE XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs ! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men ;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king ;
Gives me wealthy Cræsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more ?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me ;

If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away !
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight ;
But let *me*, my budding vine !
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me —
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war.

ODE XLIX.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul —
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,
Calling up round me visions known
To lovers of the bowl alone.

Sing, sing of love, let music's sound
In melting cadence float around,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.
Then, waking from our blissful trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.

WHEN wine I quaff, before my eyes
 Dreams of poetic glory rise ;¹
 And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,
 My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.
 When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er ;
 I think of doubts and fears no more ;
 But scatter to the railing wind
 Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
 When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy,
 Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;
 And while we dance through vernal bowers,
 Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers,
 In wine he makes my senses swim,
 Till the gale breathes of nought but him !

Again I drink, — and, lo, there seems
 A calmer light to fill my dreams ;

¹ *When wine I quaff, before my eyes*

Dreams of poetic glory rise ;] “Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. We find an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:—

Οἶνος τοι χαριεντι μεγάς πελει ἵππος αἰδῶ,
 Ὑδὼρ δὲ πινῶν, καλὸν οὐ τεκοῖς ἐπὸς.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
 You'll never write any thing wise :
 For wine's the true horse of Parnassus,
 Which carries a bard to the skies !

The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head ;
Then take the lyre, and sing " how blest
The life of him who lives at rest ! "
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train ;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams !
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines ;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul !
Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dar'd to call my own ;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'er shadows all my joy.

ODE LI.¹

FLY not thus my brow of snow,
 Lovely wanton! fly not so.
 Though the wane of age is mine,
 Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,
 Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
 Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
 See, in yonder flowery braid,
 Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
 How the rose, of orient glow,
 Mingles with the lily's snow;
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
 Just, my girl, like thee and me!



ODE LII.

AWAY, away, ye men of rules,
 What have I to do with schools?

¹ Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus has given a version of it in the epigram,

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores? etc.
 Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
 And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
 Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
 While thine are all the summer's roseate charms?
 See the rich garland cull'd in vernal weather,
 Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
 So, in Love's wreath we both may twine together,
 And I the lily be, and thou the rose.

They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine,
For, age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!



ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;

And let me, while the wild and young
 Trip the mazy dance along,
 Fling my heap of years away,
 And be as wild, as young, as they.
 Hither haste, some cordial soul!
 Help to my lips the brimming bowl;
 And you shall see this hoary sage
 Forget at once his locks and age.
 He still can chant the festive hymn,
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
 As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
 And play the fool right nobly still.



ODE LIV.

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see
 Is amorous Jove — it must be he!
 How fondly blest he seems to bear
 That fairest of Phœnician fair!
 How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
 And spurns the billowy surge aside!
 Could any beast of vulgar vein,
 Undaunted thus defy the main?
 No: he descends from climes above,
 He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!¹

¹ *No: he descends from climes above,
 He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!]* Thus Moschus:—

Κρῆψε θεὸν καὶ τρέψε δέμας· καὶ γινέτο ταυρὸς.
 The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
 And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

ODE LV.¹

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,
 Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
 Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
 Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers;
 Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
 The Graces love to wreath the rose;
 And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,
 An emblem of herself perceives.
 Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
 The rose's fair luxuriance sung;²

¹ Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:—

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
 (Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8

Now I again may clasp thee, dearest,
 What is there now, on earth, thou fearest?
 Again these longing arms infold thee,
 Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

² *Oft has the poet's magic tongue*

The rose's fair luxuriance sung; etc.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. *Εἰ τοὺς ἀνθεσὶν ἠθέλεν ὁ Ζεὺς ἐπιθεῖναι βασίλειαν, τὸ ῥόδον αὐτῶν ἀνθεσῶν ἐβασίλευε. γῆς ἐστὶ κόσμος, φυτῶν ἀγλαΐσμα, ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνθεσῶν, λεῖμωνος ἐρυνθίημα, κάλλος ἀστραπτῶν. Ἐρωτὸς πνεῖ, Ἀφροδίτην προξενεῖ, εὐεῖδεσι φύλλοις κομᾷ, εὐκνήτοις πετάλοις τρυφᾷ. τὸ πετάλον τῷ Ζεφύρῳ γελᾷ.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
 A queen for all their world of flowers,

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's nought in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;

The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of gardens, light of lawns,
Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
And, to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses,
Till, blushing with the wanton's play,
Its cheek wears ev'n a richer ray.

Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
 O'er whitest arms it kindles through.
 In Cytherea's form it glows,
 And mingles with the living snows.

The rose distils a healing balm,
 The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
 Preserves the cold inurned clay,
 And mocks the vestige of decay :
 And when at length, in pale decline,
 Its florid beauties fade and pine,
 Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
 Diffuses odour even in death !¹
 Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung !
 Listen, — for thus the tale is sung.
 When, humid, from the silvery stream,
 Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
 Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
 Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews ;
 When, in the starry courts above,
 The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
 Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
 The nymph who shakes the martial lance ; —

¹ *Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath*

Diffuses odour even in death !] Thus Casper Barlaeus, in his
 Ritus Nuptiarum : —

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
 Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.
 Nor then the rose its odour loses,
 When all its flushing beauties die ;
 Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
 When wither'd by the solar eye.

Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
 The earth produc'd an infant flower,
 Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
 And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
 The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
 And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth !
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
 The sweetly orient buds they dyed,¹
 And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
 Of him who gave the glorious vine ;
 And bade them on the spangled thorn
 Expand their bosoms to the morn.

¹ *With nectar drops, a ruby tide,*

The sweetly orient buds they dyed, etc.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis —

— rosæ

Fusæ aprino de cruore —

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:—

*Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
 Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
 Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
 Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.*

While the enamour'd queen of joy
 Flies to protect her lovely boy,
 On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
 She treads upon a thorned rose,
 And while the wound with crimson flows,
 The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes !

ODE LVI.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses ;
He, who inspires the youth to bound
Elastic through the dance's round, —
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year ;
The blushing year with vintage teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth !

Then, when the ripe and vermil wine, —
Blest infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells, —
Oh ! when it bursts its roseate cells,
Brightly the joyous stream shall flow,
To balsam every mortal woe !
None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each cheek ;
No heart will then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly.
Thus — till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow.

ODE LVII.

WHOSE was the artist hand that spread
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a flight of fancy, high
As aught on earthly wing can fly,
Depicted thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silv'ry sea
In beauty's naked majesty!
Oh! he hath given th' enamour'd sight
A witching banquet of delight,
Where, gleaming through the waters clear,
Glimpses of undreamt charms appear,
And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.

Light as a leaf, that on the breeze
Of summer skims the glassy seas,
She floats along the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest;
While stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the heaving billows.
Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,
Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces.
Thus on she moves, in languid pride,
Encircled by the azure tide,

As some fair lily o'er a bed
Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And infant Love with smiles of fire !
While, glittering through the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp their gambols play,
And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.

WHEN Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him ? never, never !
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe ?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by grovelling gold confin'd,
Then loose I all such clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then feel I, too, the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell,
Which, rous'd once more, to beauty sings,
While love dissolves along the strings !

But, scarcely has my heart been taught
How little Gold deserves a thought,
When, lo ! the slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose genial art
In slumber seals the anxious heart.
Again, he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever !

Away, deceiver ! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing ?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire,
Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre ;
Oh ! sweeter far than all the gold
Thy wings can waft, thy mines can hold.
Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles —
They wither'd Love's young wreathed smiles ;
And o'er his lyre such darkness shed,
I thought its soul of song was fled !
They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.
Go — fly to haunts of sordid men,
But come not near the bard again.
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid ;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.

Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense;
Give gold to those who love that pest, —
But leave the poet poor and blest.



ODE LIX.

RIPEN'D by the solar beam,
Now the ruddy clusters teem,
In osier baskets borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the charm'd and echoing air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies,
The infant Bacchus, born in mirth,
While Love stands by, to hail the birth.

When he whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,

When he inhales the vintage-cup,
His feet, new-wing'd, from earth spring up,
And as he dances, the fresh air
Plays whispering through his silvery hair.
Meanwhile young groups whom love invites,
To joys ev'n rivalling wine's delights,
Seek, arm in arm, the shadowy grove,
And there, in words and looks of love,
Such as fond lovers look and say,
Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.

ODE LX.

AWAKE to life, my sleeping shell,
To Phœbus let thy numbers swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower.
Then wake thee from thy voiceless slumbers,
And to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, tremblingly, my lips repeat,
Send echoes from thy chord as sweet.
'Tis thus the swan, with fading notes,
Down the Cayster's current floats,
While amorous breezes linger round,
And sigh responsive sound for sound.

Muse of the Lyre! illumine my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme ;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze.
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd
Around the godhead's yielding mind ;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this ethereal son of Light ;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, alas, too fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there ;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still !
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire ;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,
A lifeless tree was all he caught ;
And, stead of sighs that pleasure heaves,
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves !

But, pause, my soul, no more, no more —
Enthusiast, whither do I soar ?
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
Hath hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,

When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,
 Can tell the darts that wound my own?
 Still be Anacreon, still inspire
 The descant of the Teian lyre :
 Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
 Distilling love in every note !
 And when some youth, whose glowing soul
 Has felt the Paphian star's control,
 When he the liquid lays shall hear,
 His heart will flutter to his ear,
 And drinking there of song divine,
 Banquet on intellectual wine !¹

¹ Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon.

ODE LXI.

YOUTH's endearing charms are fled ;
 Hoary locks deform my head ;
 Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
 All the flowers of life decay.¹

¹ *Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,*
All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deploras the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11. ; and thus in the second epistle, book ii. :—

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes ;
 Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

Withering age begins to trace
 Sad memorials o'er my face ;
 Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
 All the future must be gloom.
 This it is that sets me sighing ;
 Dreary is the thought of dying !
 Lone and dismal is the road,
 Down to Pluto's dark abode ;
 And, when once the journey's o'er,
 Ah ! we can return no more !

ODE LXII.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
 As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd ;
 But let the water amply flow,
 To cool the grape's intemperate glow ;¹

The wing of every passing day
 Withers some blooming joy away ;
 And wafts from our enamour'd arms
 The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

¹ *But let the water amply flow,*

*To cool the grape's intemperate glow ; etc.] It was Amphic-
 tyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine ;
 in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to
 Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the
 following epigram is founded :—*

*Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyæum
 Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri ;*

Let not the fiery god be single,
 But with the nymphs in union mingle.
 For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
 Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
 No, banish from our board to-night
 The revelries of rude delight;
 To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
 Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
 And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
 In concert let our voices breathe,
 Beguiling every hour along
 With harmony of soul and song.



ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
 I touch the harp in descant wild;
 To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
 The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers;
 To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
 And gods and mortals bow before him!

*Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
 Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.*

PIERIUS VALERIANUS.

Which is, non verbum verbo, —

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
 A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
 And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
 Hence, still he loves the Naiad's crystal urn,
 And when his native fires too fiercely burn,
 Seeks the cool waters of the fountain-nymph.

ODE LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose well-aimed spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer !
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild !
Goddess with the sun-bright hair !
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn !
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
Tell them they shall mourn no more.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine ;
Must they, Dian — must they pine ?

ODE LXV.

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace, thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly ! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doating heart
Is novice in the bridling art ?
Believe me, girl, it is not so ;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins around that tender form,
However wild, however warm.
Yes — trust me I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.

Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Soon shalt thou feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wished-for goal !



ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine ;
To thee, who rul'st with darts of fire
This world of mortals, young Desire !
And oh ! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key,
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen ! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire,
And oh ! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illumine this genial hour.

Look on thy bride, too happy boy,
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away !
Turn, Stratocles, too happy youth,
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own.

Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh.
To those bewitching beauties turn ;
For thee they blush, for thee they burn.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
Oh ! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed ;
And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee !

ODE LXVII.¹

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn
The wealth of Amalthea's horn ;
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own ;²
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity !

¹ This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

² *Of the Tartessian prince my own ;*] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years ; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

ODE LXVIII.¹

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,
The angry night-cloud teems with storms;
And savage winds, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXIX.²

THEY wove the lotus band to deck
And fan the pensile wreath each neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief:
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe, of celestial shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape!

¹ This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

² Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

ODE LXX.¹

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire:
In mirthful measures warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXI.²

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O maiden, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

¹ Compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

² This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

ODE LXXII.¹

FARE thee well, perfidious maid,
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl, by thee,
Is on the wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here !

ODE LXXIII.²

AWHILE I bloom'd, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow
That falls across the wintry billow !

ODE LXXIV.³

MONARCH Love, resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,

¹ This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

² This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

³ A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 98.

And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's hue,
 Disporting tread the mountain-dew ;
 Propitious, oh ! receive my sighs,
 Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,
 That thou wilt whisper to the breast
 Of her I love thy soft behest ;
 And counsel her to learn from thee,
 That lesson thou hast taught to me.
 Ah ! if my heart no flattery tell,
 Thou 'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well !

ODE LXXV.¹

SPIRIT of Love, whose locks unroll'd,
 Stream on the breeze like floating gold ;
 Come, within a fragrant cloud
 Blushing with light, thy votary shroud ;

¹ This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101.), is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacréon." — *Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett.* tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is finely imagined ; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon : —

Κεινον, ω χρυσοδρоне Μουσ' ενισπες
 Τυμον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
 Τηϊος χωρας, ον αιειδε τερπνως
 Πρεσβυς αγανος.

And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away !
Love ! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely Lesbian mocks my woe ;
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,
That time upon my forehead strews.
Alas ! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms !

ODE LXXVI.¹

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold ;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold !

Oh Muse ! who sit'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee ;
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou 'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

¹ Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

ODE LXXVII.¹

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair,
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
That some bright nymph might hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXVIII.²

WHEN Cupid sees how thickly now,
The snows of Time fall o'er my brow,
Upon his wing of golden light,
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting onward seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

¹ This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon.

² See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the Gallic Hercules.

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,
That lights our life's meandering way,
That God, within this bosom stealing,
Hath waken'd a strange, mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing!¹

LET me resign this wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To soothe my misery!²

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure —
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.³

¹ Barnes, 125th. This is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

² This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very skilfully.

³ Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is found in Athenæus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
 Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
 I think there's madness in my breast,
 Yet cannot find that madness there!¹

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
 I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
 And there lie cold, to death resign'd,
 Since Love intoxicates my mind!²

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
 Crystal water, ruby wine:
 Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
 O'er my wintry temples blushing.

¹ Found in Hephæstion (see Barnes, 95th), and reminds one somewhat of the following:—

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
 Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carn. 53.
 I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
 The cause of my love and my hate, may I die.
 I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
 That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

² This is also in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

Mix the brimmer — Love and I
Shall no more the contest try.
Here — upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul! ¹

¹ Collected by Barnes, from Demetrius Phalareus and Eustathius, and subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers, which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant; — happy if it could be said of the garland which they form, *To δ' ὡς Ἀνακρεοντος.*

EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, are found some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a sort of Coronis to this work. But I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety; and that a frequent recurrence, in them, of the same thought, would render a collection of such poems uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, selected from the number, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those ancient tributes to the fame of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing originally a translation of all that are extant on the subject, I endeavoured to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

ANTIPATER, THE SIDONIAN, TO ANACREON.

AROUND the tomb, oh, bard divine!
 Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
 Long may the deathless ivy twine,
 And summer spread her waste of roses!

And there shall many a fount distil,
 And many a rill refresh the flowers;
 But wine shall be each purple rill,
 And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
 To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
 Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
 Who gave to love his fondest measure,—

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
 Thou may'st, from cdours round thee streaming,
 A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
 And live again in blissful dreaming!



HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
 Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.¹

¹ ——— *the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar:—
 Multa Dircaëum levat aura cycnum.

Cold, cold that heart, which while on earth it dwelt
 All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.
 And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
 Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;¹
 And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
 Green as the ivy round thy mouldering tomb.
 Nor yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,
 For still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;
 Where dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,
 And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροῖς Ἱμεροῖσι συντροφον
 Ἀναιὸς Ἀνακρεοντα, Τηῖον κυκνον,
 Εσφηλας ὕγρη νεκταρος μεληδονη.

Ευγενους. Ανθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd
 In wine's bewildering dream,
 The fairest swan that ever play'd
 Along the Muse's stream! —
 The Teian, nurs'd with all those honey'd boys,
 The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

¹ *Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;*] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet: —

Μολπῆς δ' οὐ ληθῇ μελιτερπεος ἀλλ' ἐτι κεινο
 Βαρβιτον οὐδε θανῶν ἐννασεν εἰν αἰδή.

Σιμωνιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
 Though dark within the tomb he lies;
 But living still, his amorous lute
 With sleepless animation sighs!

OH stranger ! if Anacreon's shell
 Has ever taught thy heart to swell
 With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
 In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
 And drop thy goblet's richest tear
 In tenderest libation here !
 So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
 With visions of enjoyment still.
 Not even in death can I resign
 The festal joys that once were mine,
 When Harmony pursu'd my ways,
 And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
 Oh ! if delight could charm no more,
 If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
 When fate had once our doom decreed,
 Then dying would be death indeed ;
 Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
 Divinity itself divine !

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
 And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth ;
 Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering
 night,¹
 Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth !

¹ *Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, etc.]*
 In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the
 bard is represented as not yet silent even after his death.

She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
 The purest nectar of its numbers,
 She, the young spring of thy desires, hath fled,¹
 And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!
 Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every dart
 That mighty Love could scatter from his quiver;
 And each new beauty found in thee a heart, [her.
 Which thou, with all thy heart and soul, didst give

ὥς ὁ φιλακρητος τε και οινοβαρης φιλοκωμος
 παννυχιος κρονου * την φιλοπαυδα χελυν.
 Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
 To joys he lov'd on earth so well,
 Still shall his spirit, all the night,
 Attune the wild, ærial shell!

¹ *She, the young spring of thy desires, etc.*] The original, το Ποθων εαρ, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

ἔγγρα δε δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν συλον αειδεις,
 αυθυσσων λιπαρης ανθος ὑπερθε κομης,
 ηε προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
 Eurypyle, thy soul's desire,
 Basking her beauties in the ray
 That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!
 Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
 Her every grace that warms and blesses;
 Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
 The beaming glory of her tresses.

* Brunck has κρουων; but κρονου, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

JUVENILE POEMS.

PREFACE,

BY THE EDITOR.*

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing, were never intended by the author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented the author himself from submitting these trifles to the eye of dispassionate criticism: and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

* A portion of the Poems included in this and the succeeding volume were published originally as the works of "the late Thomas Little," with the Preface here given prefixed to them.

Mr. LITTLE died in his one and twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period that their errors may lay claim to some indulgence from the critic. Their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; but, in general, wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "*aurea legge, s'ei piace ei lice*," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment, and variety of fancy, which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was

even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics should have preferred him to the gentle and touching Tibullus; but those defects, I believe, which a common reader condemns, have been regarded rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators; who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "*Tunc veniam subito*,"* etc. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "*nec te posse carere velim*," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses. But still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches the chord of pathos, he reaches immediately the heart. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple, unaffected lines:—

* Lib. i. Eleg. 3.

O quid solutis est beatius curis!
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

Carmin. xxix.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should then endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I have always so warmly admired.*

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered his other writings to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, it must be confessed, in the midst of all these beauties,

* In the following Poems, will be found a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a mere school-boy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

— Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are sometimes told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle thus with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such refinements. But he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which have nothing congenial with the graceful levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

As far as I can judge, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity ("ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas") was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment; † and his life was of too short

* Lucretius.

† It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the *Ramblers* of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

a date to allow him to perfect such a taste ; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him ; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings ; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I FEEL a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend LITTLE's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:—

Non possunt nostros multæ, Faustine, lituræ
Emendare jocos; una litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that, though not quite a *casuiste relâché*, you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know that the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive *Juvenilia* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,

Yours,
T. M.



JUVENILE POEMS.

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. JUV.

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow ;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew ?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze !
Where is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind ?
Where are the links that twin'd, with heav'nly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart ?

* * * * *

*Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla
nisi in armis relinquitur spes. — LIVY.*

* * * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
 Approv'd by heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,
 Where justice flies the herald of our way,
 And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
 To slumb'ring babes, or innocence in death;
 And urgent as the tongue of Heav'n within,
 When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
 An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
 Along the heart's responding chords should run,
 Nor let a tone there vibrate — but the one!



VARIETY.

Ask what prevailing, pleasing power
 Allures the sportive, wandering bee
 To roam, untired, from flower to flower,
 He'll tell you, 'tis variety.

Look Nature round, her features trace,
 Her seasons, all her changes see ;
 And own, upon Creation's face,
 The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above !
 Still let me roam, unfix'd and free ;
 In all things, — but the nymph I love,
 I'll change, and taste variety.

But, Patty, not a world of charms
 Could e'er estrange my heart from thee ;—
 No, let me ever seek those arms,
 There still I'll find variety.



TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
 To rove through Erudition's bowers,
 And cull the golden fruits of truth,
 And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers ?

And is it not more sweet than this,
 To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
 And pay them back in sums of bliss
 The dear, the endless debt of loving ?

It must be so to thee, my youth ;
With this idea toil is lighter ;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'T will tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour ;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever !



SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly
Such thousands of arrows have got,
That an oath, on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,

If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
Both the dew and the oath that are there ;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather ;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together !



TO

REMEMBER him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tend'rest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh ! I had long in freedom rov'd,
Though many seem'd my soul to share ;
'T was passion when I thought I lov'd,
'T was fancy when I thought them fair.

Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,
Beguil'd me only while she warm'd ;
'T was young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou — ah ! better had it been
If I had still in freedom rov'd,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have lov'd.

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to this heart been known ;
But then, the joys that lovers steal,
Should *they* have ever been my own ?

Oh ! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest ! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy.

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my belov'd ! still keep in mind,
However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee !

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care,
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no ! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love.

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then, Julia, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair.
Then talk no more of future gloom ;
Our joys shall always last ;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee :
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
That sorrow leaves behind.

Then fill the bowl — away with gloom !
Our joys shall always last ;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past .

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl.
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet ;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the cup — away with gloom !
Our joys shall always last ;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.



SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear,
Steal trembling from mine eye ?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh ?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone ?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true ;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er,
If still my truth you'll try ;
Alas, I know but *one* proof more —
I'll bless your name, and die !

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay ;
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of that castle illume ;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring
stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom !

"Oh ! when shall this horrible darkness disperse !"
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave ; —
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the
wave !"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?

Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on
her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had
beat, —

For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?

Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!

Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my
eyes?"

"Yes, yes — when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"

And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
And wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,

When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;

To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And heard but the breathing of night in the air,
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the
stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the
beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;
Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in
the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide ; [cay'd,
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was de-
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold ? —
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a
gleam ;
'Twas Reuben, but, ah ! he was deathly and cold,
And fled away like the spell of a dream !

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but vain her en-
deavour !
Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom forever !

DID NOT.

'T WAS a new feeling — something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not ;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every half-breath'd sigh,
To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch —
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not ;

But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not;
Till — oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet, who did not.



TO

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain;
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again.

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins;
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins.

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another.

TO MRS.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not that heart a heart refin'd?
Hast thou not every gentle grace,
We love in woman's mind and face?
And, oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy — dry that tear —
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near,
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee;
Though all the world look cold upon thee,
Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still
Unharm'd by that surrounding chill;
Like the famed drop, in crystal found,*
Floating, while all was froz'n around, —
Unchill'd, unchanging shalt thou be,
Safe in thy own sweet purity.

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some very elaborate epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian. Epigram. "de Crystallo cui aqua inerat."

ANACREONTIC.

— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.

TIB. lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple show'r ;
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine !
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on ; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.



TO

WHEN I lov'd you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute ;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you ;
To love you was pleasant enough ;
And, oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please th' elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought —
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul —
"No critic law, no chill control,
"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hov'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child, —
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find
A shrine within the tender mind;

And I will smile when critics chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour round some stagnant pool!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Far dearer were than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And *must* I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;
Julia! — 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would *seem* to feel.

But shall I still go seek within those arms
A joy in which affection takes no part?
No, no, farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

THE SHRINE.

TO

MY fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love ;
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay ;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require :
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be profane indeed !
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion ;
And, ev'ry humbler altar past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last !

— ♦ —
TO A LADY,WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS
ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHEN, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here —
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear —

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal one moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling's tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And such will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him — or, oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
For, where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast? —

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move ;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was giv'n to Love!"

TO JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed ?
Is all our dream of rapture over ?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does *she* too mourn ? — Perhaps she may ;
Perhaps she mourns our bliss so fleeting :
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating ?

I oft have lov'd that sunny glow
Of gladness in her blue eye gleaming —
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming ?

No, no! — Yet, love, I will not chide;
Although your heart *were* fond of roving,
Nor that, nor all the world beside
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

TO

SWEET lady, look not thus again:
Those bright deluding smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart bewilder'd took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she smile, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her — wildly love —
She was her sex's best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove —
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of one whose smile could thus betray;

Alas ! I think the lovely wile
Again could steal my heart away.

For, when those spells that charm'd my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee !

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

IN vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face ;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis ;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite :
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor (howsoe'er "learn'd Thebans" doubt)
The inward woman, from without,
Methinks 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pithy, short descriptions write,
On tablets large, in black and white,

Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles ;
And where all men might read — but stay —
As dialectic sages say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not portray'd, in lines so fair,
The inward soul of Lucy L-and-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this form there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind.
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words — at least suppose so —
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forc'd to use expedients.

'T was *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung on the blast;
'T was the shade of Helderic — man of blood —
It screams for the guilt of days that are past,

See how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging
shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!



TO JULIA,

WEEPING.

OH! if your tears are giv'n to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd tears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.



DREAMS.

TO

In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they laugh'd the time
through;
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no saying what they may n't do!

And *your* little Soul, heaven bless her!
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
"For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
"Just venture abroad on a sigh ;

"In an instant she frightens me in
"With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
"Or, what is still worse, into error !

"So, instead of displaying my graces,
"By daylight, in language and mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
"Where truly I blush to be seen !"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter ;

"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit !" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
"I will come when your lady's in bed,
"And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And, just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,
Love still attends th' immortal breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
Shall be its *best* of treasures then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,
Some air-born genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;

Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,
Shall linger round thy earthly way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And play around each starry gem ;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them.

And when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free,
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity !



SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair — but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love
One leaf to mingle there !

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be ;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.

THE SALE OF LOVES.

I DREAMT that, in the Paphian groves,
My nets by moonlight laying,
I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
Among the rose-beds playing.
Some just had left their silv'ry shell,
While some were full in feather ;
So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,
Were never yet strung together.
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses ! —
They're new and bright,
The cost is light,
For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,
The coin on her lips was ready ;
" I buy," quoth she, " my Love by weight,
" Full grown, if you please, and steady."
" Let mine be light," said Fanny, " pray —
" Such lasting toys undo one ;
" A light little Love that will last to-day, —
" To-morrow I'll sport a new one."
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,

Ye dames and rose lipp'd misses !
There's some will keep,
Some light and cheap,
At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,
To divert her virgin Muse with,
And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing,
To indite her billet-doux with.
Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledg'd pair
Her only eye, if you'd ask it ;
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,
For the youngest Love in the basket.
Come buy my Loves, etc. etc.

But *one* was left, when Susan came,
One worth them all together ;
At sight of her dear looks of shame,
He smiled, and pruned his feather.
She wish'd the boy — 't was more than whim —
Her looks, her sighs betray'd it ;
But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it !
Good-by, my Loves,
Good-by, my Loves,
'T would make you smile to've seen us
First trade for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And then nurse the boy between us.

TO

THE world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on ;
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone.

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No circling arms to draw me near —
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death.

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh ! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again.

With every gentle smile that crost
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,
And peace, which far had learn'd to roam.

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I mourn, I yet forgive
The ruin they have left behind.

I could have lov'd you — oh, so well ! —
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,

Is but a bright, beguiling spell,
That only lives while passion glows :

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's sunny morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets.

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all.



TO

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prosés,
You want not antiquity's stamp ;
A lip, that such fragrance discloses,
Oh ! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Cloc, whose withering kiss
Hath long set the Loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of bliss,
May take to the blisses of science.

But for *you* to be buried in books —
Ah, Fancy, they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages.

Astronomy finds in those eyes
 Better light than she studies above ;
 And Music would borrow your sighs
 As the melody fittest for Love.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
 If to count your own charms you endeavour ;
 And Eloquence glows on your lip
 When you swear, that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
 Of arts is assembled in you ; —
 A course of more exquisite science
 Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh ! — if a Fellow like me
 May confer a diploma of hearts,
 With my lip thus I seal your degree,
 My divine little Mistress of Arts !



ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit ! if thy airy sleep
 Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
 Then will I weep, in anguish weep,
 Till the last heart's drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
 And mingles in our misery ;

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

TO

THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

IN witching slumbers of the night,
I dreamt I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smil'd:
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flow'rs which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twin'd,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay;
And were it thus my fate to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should glide in peace along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song,
That's heard at distance in the grove;

No cloud should ever dim thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring
To thee one blight upon his wing,
So gently o'er thy brow he'd fly ;
And death itself should but be felt
Like that of daybeams, when they melt,
Bright to the last, in evening's sky !

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA, ON THE
DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart ;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before ;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of tender links by nature tied ;
Though hopes deceiv'd, and pleasure left ;
Though friends betray'd and foes belied ;

I still had hopes — for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight ;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night ! —

I hop'd that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray ;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth —
Ah, why then was he torn away ?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
To soothe his Julia's every woe ;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand
The fruits of genius, nurs'd by taste ;
While Science, with a fost'ring hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind
Grow rich in all that makes men dear ; —
Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,
And such the hopes that fate denied ; —
We lov'd, but ah ! could scarcely tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died !

Close as the fondest links could strain,
 Twin'd with my very heart he grew;
 And by that fate which breaks the chain,
 The heart is almost broken too.



TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS,

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE

IMPROMPTU.

— Ego pars —

VING.

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
 Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
 But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
 Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
 To me such a ticket should roll,
 A sixteenth, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for me;
 For what could *I* do with the whole?



A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart enkindled lay
 On Cupid's burning shrine:
 I thought he stole thy heart away,
 And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun ;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one !

TO

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free ;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing ;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind —
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss ;
And you may down *that* pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before —
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
"Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, drain'd
The cup which she so late had tasted;
Upon whose rim still fresh remain'd
The breath, so oft in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 't were not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung —
On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

Those eyes of hers, that floating shine,
Like diamonds in some Eastern river;
That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her.

That frame so delicate, yet warm'd
With flushes of love's genial hue; —
A mould transparent, as if form'd
To let the spirit's light shine through.

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet, as if the very air

From Lamia's lip hung o'er the chords,
And Lamia's voice still warbled there !

But when, alas, I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's seducing dream —
The chord beneath my finger broke.

False harp ! false woman ! — such, oh, such
Are lutes too frail and hearts too willing ;
Any hand, whate'er its touch,
Can set their chords or pulses thrilling.

And when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think Heav'n's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break —
Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you !



TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever ;
They seem'd in very being twin'd ;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever !

Not so the widow'd ivy shines :
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
 Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties :
 Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
 While mine, deserted, droops and dies !



HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH, lost, for ever lost — no more
 Shall Vesper light our dewy way
 Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
 To hymn the fading fires of day ;
 No more to Tempé's distant vale
 In holy musings shall we roam,
 Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
 To bear the mystic chaplets home.*
 'T was then my soul's expanding zeal,
 By nature warm'd and led by thee,
 In every breeze was taught to feel
 The breathings of a Deity.

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." *Αλλά μην και τῷ κατακομζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην δαφνην εις Δελφους παρομαρτει αυλητης.*

Guide of my heart! still hovering round,
Thy looks, thy words are still my own —
I see thee raising from the ground
Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
"Was planted for a doom divine;
"And, though it droop in languor now,
"Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
"Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
"Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
"A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
"To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,
By thee was taught so sweetly well,
Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear,
Fond sharer of my infant joy,
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
Oh yes — and, as in former days,
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each look and step to mould,
Thy guardian care is round me spread,

Arranging every snowy fold,
 And guiding every mazy tread.
 And, when I lead the hymning choir,
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
 Hovers between my lip and lyre,
 And weds them into harmony.
 Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
 Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
 To memory so entirely dear !



SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

— sine me sit nulla Venus.

SULPICIA

OUR hearts, my love, were form'd to be
 The genuine twins of Sympathy,
 They live with one sensation :
 In joy or grief, but most in love,
 Like chords in unison they move,
 And thrill with like vibration.

How oft I've heard thee fondly say,
 Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
 When mine no more is moving ;
 Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
 Were worse to thee than feeling none,
 So twinn'd are we in loving !

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept —
Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away :
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!



THE SNAKE.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with thoughtful eyes —
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!

“Who could expect such hidden harm
“Beneath the rose’s smiling charm?”

Never did grave remark occur
Less *à-propos* than this from her.

I rose to kill the snake, but she,
Half-smiling, pray’d it might not be.
“No,” said the maiden — and, alas,
Her eyes spoke volumes, while she said it —
“Long as the snake is in the grass,
“One *may*, perhaps, have cause to dread it:
“But, when its wicked eyes appear,
“And when we know for what they wink so,
“One must be *very* simple, dear,
“To let it wound one — don’t you think so?”



TO ROSA.

Is the song of Rosa mute?
Once such lays inspired her lute!
Never doth a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour’d sighing.

Is my Rosa’s lute unstrung?
Once a tale of peace it sung

To her lover's throbbing breast —
Then was he divinely blest !
Ah ! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er ;
And her lute neglected lies ;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent lute — forgotten lover —
Rosa's love and song are over !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie !
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die !

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast ?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh, let not tears embalm my tomb, —
None but the dews at twilight given !
Oh, let not sighs disturb the gloom, —
None but the whispering winds of heaven !

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

*Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.**SECUNDUS, eleg. vii.*

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove :
Where I love, I must not marry ;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind ;
Learned without affectation ;
Not deceitful, yet refin'd ;

Wise enough, but never rigid ;
Gay, but not too lightly free ;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid ;
Fond, yet satisfied with me :

Were she all this ten times over,
All that heav'n to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving ;
Summer garments suit him best ;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill ;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'T was drinking, filling, drinking still.

At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
Now blushes through the wave at me ;
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this ;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And — in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,
And may that eyelid never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine !

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more. —
“What! love no more? Oh! why this alter’d vow?”
Because I *cannot* love thee *more* — than *now*!

— ♦ —
TO MISS,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I’LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy radiant eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I’ll ask him where’s the veil of sleep
That us’d to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say — her angel breast
Has never throbb’d with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say — her cheeks that flush,
Like vernal roses in the sun,

Have ne'er by shame been taught to blush,
Except for what her eyes have done !

Then tell me, why, thou child of air !
Does slumber from her eyelids rove ?
What is her heart's impassion'd care ? —
Perhaps, oh sylph ! perhaps, 'tis *love*.



THE WONDER.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh ! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye !

And if her cheek be smooth and bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true ;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh, 'tis the utmost Heav'n can do !

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini. *Mauro d' Arcano.*

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie;
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay, — look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion.
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy must leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.
Oh, no — believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your amber locks to golden wire,
Then, only then can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear.

Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours :
But, oh ! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul, this goblet sip,
'T will chase that pensive tear ;
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh ! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'T will steal away thy mind :
But, truer than love's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade ;
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon ; —
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah ! not half so soon.
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er ;
But once when love's betray'd,
Its sweet life blooms no more.

†

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS TO A LAMP

WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.

MARTIAL., lib. xiv. epig. 39.

"OH! love the Lamp" (my Mistress said),
 "The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
"Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
 "Has kept its little watch of light.
"Full often has it seen her weep,
 "And fix her eye upon its flame,
"Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
 "Repeating her beloved's name.

"Then love the Lamp — 't will often lead
 "Thy step through learning's sacred way;
"And when those studious eyes shall read,
 "At midnight, by its lonely ray,
 "Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
 "Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
"Oh, think that she, by whom 'twas given,
"Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes — dearest Lamp, by every charm
 On which thy midnight beam has hung;
The head reclin'd, the graceful arm
 Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
 The sever'd lip's unconscious sighs,
 The fringe that from the half-shut lid
 Adown the cheek of roses lies :

By these, by all that bloom untold,
 And long as all shall charm my heart,
 I'll love my little Lamp of gold —
 My Lamp and I shall never part.

And often, as she smiling said,
 In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
 Shall guide my visionary tread
 Through poesy's enchanting maze.
 Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
 Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
 Where still the bard, though cold in death,
 Has left his soul unquench'd behind.
 Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
 Oh man of Ascrea's dreary glades.*
 To whom the nightly warbling Nine †
 A wand of inspiration gave, ‡
 Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades
 The crystal of Castalia's wave.

* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascrea. *Εργ. και Ημερ.* v. 251.

† *Εννυχιαί στείχον, περικαλλέα οσσαν ιεῖσαι.* *Theog.* v. 10.

‡ *Και μοι σκηπτρον ἔδον, δαφνης ἐριθῆλεα ὄζον.* *Id.* v. 30.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' deep-hid store,
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies.
'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
How fleeting is this world below,
Where all that meets the morning light,
Is chang'd before the fall of night! *

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
"Will also quench yon heaven of suns."

Oh, then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave will sweep away;
Who pauses to inquire of heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,

* *Ἦεν τα ὅλα ποταμὸν ὀκνῇ*, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quæ videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," etc.

The sunny days, the shady nights,
 And all their brief but dear delights,
 Which heaven has made for man to use,
 And man should think it crime to lose?
 Who that has cull'd a fresh-blown rose
 Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
 Unmindful of the blushing ray,
 In which it shines its soul away:
 Unmindful of the scented sigh,
 With which it dies and loves to die.

Pleasure, thou only good on earth!
 One precious moment giv'n to thee —
 Oh! by my Lais' lip 'tis worth
 The sage's immortality.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
 That would our joys one hour delay!
 Alas, the feast of soul and sense
 Love calls us to in youth's bright day,
 If not soon tasted, fleets away.
 Ne'er wert thou formed, my Lamp, to shed
 Thy splendour on a lifeless page; —
 Whate'er my blushing Lais said
 Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
 'T was mockery all — her glance of joy
 Told me thy dearest, best employ.
 And, soon as night shall close the eye
 Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;

When seers are gazing on the sky,
 To find their future orbs of rest;
 Then shall I take my trembling way,
 Unseen but to those worlds above,
 And, led by thy mysterious ray,
 Steal to the night-bower of my love.

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF
 VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon lèvres étoit lors toute entière,
 Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre étoit;
 Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
 Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amour là restoit. VOITURE.

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,
 To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
 And lose within so sweet a tomb
 The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, sure his soul return'd to feel
 That it *again* could ravish'd be;
 For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
 His life and soul have fled to thee.

RONDEAU.

“GOOD night! good night!” — And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh Rosa, say “Good night!” once more,
And I’ll repeat it o’er and o’er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, “Good night.”

And still “Good night,” my Rosa, say —
But whisper still, “A minute stay;”
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of transport in it;
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
To listen to our sweet “Good night.”

“Good night!” you’ll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly;
And I will vow, will swear to go,
While still that sweet voice murmurs “No!”
Till slumber seal our weary sight —
And then, my love, my soul, “Good night!”

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky?

'Tis to be like thy looks of blue:

Why is red the rose's dye?

Because it is thy blushes' hue.

All that's fair, by Love's decree,

Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,

But to be like thy bosom fair?

Why are solar beams so bright?

That they may seem thy golden hair!

All that's bright, by Love's decree,

Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?

Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!

Why has music power to melt?

Oh! because it speaks like thee.

All that's sweet, by Love's decree,

Has been made resembling thee!



TO ROSA.

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies,

And puts his little bark to sea,

Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,

Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE BOOK,

CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;" IN WHICH EVERY ONE
THAT OPENED IT WAS TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself.
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly.
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands;
The rest — alas! I own the truth —
Have all been scribbled so uncouth
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,
Disdainful, flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;

And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heav'n
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer — such, oh, such
The blast of Disappointment's touch! —
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear;
Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,
Not ev'n a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten? — never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever!



TO ROSA.

SAY, why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by one moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet? [night,
Do they flow, like the dews of the love-breathing
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom ;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns ;
High flames the sword in his hand once more :
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets
pour ; — [over —
Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom —
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their
nest.

But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame :
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;
While, to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.

But then came the light harp, when danger was
ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their
nest.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name.
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Live in the breeze, till every tone,
And word, and breath, speaks her alone.

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night,
It circled her luxuriant hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light.
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow,
'Tis all of her that's left me now.
And see — each rosebud drops a tear,
To find the nymph no longer here —
No longer, where such heavenly charms
As hers *should* be — within these arms.

SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer.
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in communion so sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it? —
Have we felt as if heav'n denied them to meet? —
No, rather 'twas heav'n that did it.
So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,
So little of wrong is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest!
And slumber will hover as light o'er our bed
As e'er on the couch of the wisest.
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of heav'n.
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest.

And, oh ! while we lie on our deathbed, my love,
 Looking back on the scene of our errors,
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
 And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.
 And each to the other embracing will say,
 "Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiven."
 Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
 And a kiss be our passport to heaven !



THE RESEMBLANCE.

—— vo cercand' io,
 Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
 La desolata vostra forma vera.

PETRARCH. *Sonett.* 14.

YES, if 'twere any common love,
 That led my pliant heart astray,
 I grant, there's not a power above,
 Could wipe the faithless crime away.

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
 In every look so like to thee
 That, underneath yon blessed sun,
 So fair there are but thou and she.

Both born of beauty, at a birth,
 She held with thine a kindred sway,
 And wore the only shape on earth
 That could have lured my soul to stray.

Then blame me not, if false I be,
'T was love that wak'd the fond excess ;
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less.

FANNY, DEAREST.

YES ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh ;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies ;
But, ah, the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear ;
And 't is but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beam clear.

Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
Fanny, dearest — the hope is vain ;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.



THE RING.

TO

No — Lady ! Lady ! keep the ring :
Oh ! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere.

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd ;
Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye, —
Oh ! it doth ask, with witching power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie
Where love inwreaths no genial flower ?

Away, away, bewildering look,
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er ;
Go — hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more.

I cannot warn thee : every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much —
Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine.

Yet, stay, — one hope, one effort yet —
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray.

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal ; —
Think, Lady, think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel.

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there ;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps was but the child of art,
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh ! thine is not my earliest vow ;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I've lived till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold ?

No — other nymphs to joy and pain
This wild and wandering heart hath mov'd;
With some it sported, wild and vain,
While some it dearly, truly, lov'd.

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a worthless heart,
Worthless alike, or fix'd or free;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And — love not me, oh love not me.

Enough — now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved, — nor do I.



TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you're *not* a true daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a woman; your lip and your eye
As mortal as ever drew gods from the sky.

But I *will* not believe them — no, Science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu :
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh ! who, that has e'er enjoyed rapture complete,
Would ask *how* we feel it, or *why* it is sweet ;
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh ;
Is there one, who but once would not rather have
known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it ?

As for you, my sweet-voiced and invisible love,
You must surely be one of those spirits, that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.
Oh ! hint to him then, 't is retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone ;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.

Sweet spirit of mystery ! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,

To have you thus ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh !
Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of
care, [air,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the
And turn with distaste from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Then, come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart's busy thoughts have put slumber to
flight,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above.
Sweet spirit ! — and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
With her being for ever my heart and my mind,
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think, for that moment, that Cara is near ;
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and breathes on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh.

Fair spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still.



THE RING.*

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri. — OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

THE happy day at length arriv'd
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

* This story is in a German author, *Fromman upon Fascination*, book iii. part vi. ch. 18. E.



The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger wore
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now, in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been,
It might a Heathen goddess be,
Or else, a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit ;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went ;
But, oh, how shock'd was he to find
The marble finger bent !

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp ;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp !

Then sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind —
As well his mind might be ;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
"When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring ;
And marvell'd sorely what could mean
So very strange a thing !

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He hied without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand
And force the ring away.

But, mark a stranger wonder still —
The ring was there no more,
And yet the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before !

He search'd the base, and all the court,
But nothing could he find ;
Then to the castle hied he back
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew ;
The youth another ring procur'd,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance :
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose.

And here my song would leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
If 'twere not for the horrid tale
It yet has to unfold.

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death cold carcass found ;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still ;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave ;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mould'ring grave !

Ill fated Rupert ! — wild and loud
Then cried he to his wife,
“ Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,
“ My Isabel ! my life ! ”

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain ;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came :
(Oh God ! while he did hear the words
What terrors shook his frame !)

" Husband, husband, I've the ring
" Thou gav'st to-day to me ;
" And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
" As I am wed to thee ! "

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died.

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left th' affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

And all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows ;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
Of coming night with fear :
Alas, that he should dread to view
The bed that should be dear !

At length the second night arriv'd,
Again their couch they press'd ;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh ! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried : —

“ Husband, husband, I've the ring,
“ The ring thou gav'st to me ;
“ And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
“ As I am wed to thee ! ”

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed ;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said : —

“ Oh Isabel ! dost thou not see
“ A shape of horrors here,
“ That strains me to its deadly kiss,
“ And keeps me from my dear ? ”

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
"No shape of horrors see;
"And much I mourn the phantasy
"That keeps my dear from me."

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Said Rupert then, "My Isabel,
"Dear partner of my woe,
"To Father Austin's holy cave
"This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint —
Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert straightway went;
And told him all, and ask'd him how
These horrors to prevent.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retir'd awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour
Thus to the youth did say: —

“ There is a place where four roads meet,
“ Which I will tell to thee ;
“ Be there this eve, at fall of night,
“ And list what thou shalt see.

“ Thou ’lt see a group of figures pass
“ In strange disorder’d crowd,
“ Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
“ With noises strange and loud.

“ And one that’s high above the rest,
“ Terrific towering o’er,
“ Will make thee know him at a glance,
“ So I need say no more.

“ To him from me these tablets give,
“ They ’ll quick be understood ;
“ Thou need’st not fear, but give them straight,
“ I ’ve scrawl’d them with my blood ! ”

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, as he
Was by the Father sent.

And lo ! a group of figures came
In strange disorder’d crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
High seated on a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death ;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath.

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er ;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
"And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine ;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
"But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well : —

“ In Austin's name take back the ring,
“ The ring thou gav'st to me ;
“ And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
“ Nor longer I to thee.”

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again ;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

TO

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

Μαργαριται δηλοναι δακρυων ροον.

*Ap. NICEPHOR in *Onειροκριτικο*.*

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh !
 Let weeping angels view it ;
 Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
 And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear ;
 The shining pearls around it
 Are tears that fell from Virtue there,
 The hour when Love unbound it.



WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF

A LADY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserv'd for me,
 From all thy sweet memorials free ;
 And here my simple song might tell
 The feelings thou must guess so well.
 But could I thus, within thy mind,
 One little vacant corner find,

Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet hath been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*



TO MRS BL——.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THEY say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where, all who came, the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'T was Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
Or thought profane should enter there ;

And daily did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before.

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran !
Till Fear would come, alas, as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snow-white leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But, ah ! there came a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
That all who read them sigh'd for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book.

For, oft a Bacchant cup he bore,
With earth's sweet nectar sparkling bright ;
And much she fear'd lest, mantling o'er,
Some drops should on the pages light.

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night,
The urchin let that goblet fall
O'er the fair book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all !

In vain now, touch'd with shame, he tried
To wash those fatal stains away ;
Deep, deep had sunk the sullying tide,
The leaves grew darker every day.

And Fancy's sketches lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all effac'd,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
What Love himself so lately trac'd.

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas ! could Pleasure stay ?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
Reluctant flung the book away.

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some earthy stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded.

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated ;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related.

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew, to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,
The mother roams, astray and weeping;
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night wind's breath;
Yet no — 't is gone — the storms are keen,
The infant may be chill'd to death!

Perhaps, ev'n now, in darkness shrouded,
His little eyes lie cold and still; —
And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded,
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell,
When, fearful ev'n thy hand to touch,
I mutely asked those eyes to tell
If parting pain'd thee half so much:

I thought, — and, oh! forgive the thought,
For none was e'er by love inspir'd
Whom fancy had not also taught
To hope the bliss his soul desir'd.

Yes, I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to that sweet mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I called my own.

Oh blest! though but in fancy blest,
How did I ask of Pity's care,
To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
The nursling I had cradled there.

And, many an hour, beguil'd by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give —
Yet, no — perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it;
Say, dearest — *does* the feeling live?

TO CARA.

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us — hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments, — every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one.

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
Which came a new year's light to shed,
That smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us, those moments were not fled :
Oh, no, — we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one.
Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide ;
And still thus may the passing sigh
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
That Hope shall shed on scenes before us !

TO, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
When her prompt magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear : —
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
Can proudly still aspire to be
All that may yet win smiles from thee : —
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone, weary wanderer's heart ;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary, — oh ! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
Though, erring, it too oft betray
Ev'n more than Love should dare to say,
In Pleasure's dream or Sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever to remember thee.
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since Love is life and wakes not thine,

I'll take thy image, as the form
 Of one whom Love had fail'd to warm,
 Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
 Is not less dear, is worshipp'd still —
 I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
 The bright, cold burden of my way.
 To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
 My heart shall be its lasting tomb,
 And Memory, with embalming care,
 Shall keep it fresh and fadeless there.



THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum.

CICERO de Nat. Deor. lib. III.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
 In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
 Such as of old
 Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
 This magic shell,
 From the white bosom of a syren fell,
 As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
 Sicilia's sands of gold.
 It bears
 Upon its shining side the mystic notes
 Of those entrancing airs,*

* In the "Histoire Naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curaçoa, on the back of which

The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music
roll'd!

Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;

And, if the power

Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,

Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,

And I will fold thee in such downy dreams

As lap the Spirit of the Seventh Sphere,

When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear!*

And thou shalt own,

That, through the circle of creation's zone,

Where matter slumbers or where spirit beams;

From the pellucid tides,† that whirl

The planets through their maze of song,

To the small rill, that weeps along

Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;

From the rich sigh

Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,‡

were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them.

* According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord.

† Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

‡ Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields ; *
Thou'lt wondering own this universe divine
Is mine !
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony,

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell !
Many a star has ceas'd to burn, †
Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept, ‡
Since thy ærial spell
Hath in the waters slept.
Now blest I'll fly
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
The Syren of the heavenly choir,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre ; §

* In the account of Africa which D'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds.

† Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

‡ Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear; and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the Planet Saturn as the source of it.

§ The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus.

Or guides around the burning pole
 The winged chariot of some blissful soul : *
 While thou —
 Oh son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee !
 Beneath Hispania's sun,
 Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
 Which I've imbued with breathing melody ; †
 And there, when night-winds down the current die,
 Thou'lt hear how like a harp its waters sigh :
 A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
 An airy plectrum every breeze that blows. ‡

There, by that wondrous stream,
 Go, lay thy languid brow,
 And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
 As never bless'd the slumbers even of him, §
 Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,
 Sate on the chill Pangæan mount, ||

* "Distributing the souls severally among the stars, and mounting each soul upon a star as on its chariot." — *Plato, Timæus*.

† This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius. *Επει ποταμου. . . ην δε ακουσαι θελης του υδατος λαλουντος*. The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispaniâ quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu," etc. etc.

‡ These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. *Εαν γαρ ολιγος ανεμος εις τας δυνας εμπεση, το μεν υδωρ ως χορδη κρουεται. το δε πνευμα του υδατος πληκτρον γινεται. το ρευμα δε ως κιθαρα λαλει*. — *Lib. ii*.

§ Orpheus.

|| Eratosthenes. in mentioning the extreme veneration of

And, looking to the orient dim,
 Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
 From which his soul had drunk its fire.
 Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
 Stole o'er his musing breast;
 What pious ecstasy *
 Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
 Whose seal upon this new-born world imprest †
 The various forms of bright divinity!
 Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
 'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower, ‡

Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pæagæan mountain at daybreak, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams.

* There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. For instance, those which Justin Martyr has produced:—

Οὗτος μὲν χαλκεῖον ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἐστηρικται
 Χρυσῶν ἐνὶ θρόνῳ, κ.τ.λ. *Ad Græc. Cohortat.*

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still, it appears doubtful to whom they are to be attributed, being too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

† In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

‡ Alluding to the Cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. *Iamblich. de Vit.* This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber ?

When, free

From every earthly chain,

From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,

His spirit flew through fields above,

Drank at the source of nature's fontal number,*

And saw, in mystic choir, around him move

The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy !

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

I swear

By the great diadem that twines my hair,

And by the seven gems that sparkle there,†

Mingling their beams

In a soft Iris of harmonious light,

Oh, mortal ! such shall be thy radiant dreams.

* The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παγαν αεναου φυσως*, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very cleverly in his *Sale of Philosophers*.

† This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. — *Οψις τε και ακοη, μετα φωνης τε και φωτος την αρμονιαν επιφαινουσι.* — *De Musica*.

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, "Ut diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. — Lib. ii. *Variar*.

I FOUND her not — the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace !

It felt, as if her lips had shed
- A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose ;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose ;

And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm,
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And Love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh my sweet mistress, where wert thou ?
In pity fly not thus from me ;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee.

TO MRS. HENRY TIGHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine;

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd;—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd.

Oh! you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow.

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly.*

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower †
Have I, in dreams, thy light foot trac'd!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow ‡
Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,—
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,
Half brighten'd by the upper ray,— §

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,
Or, lingering here, dost love to be,
To other souls, the guardian bright
That Love was, through this gloom, to thee;

* See the story in Apuleius.

† Allusions to Mrs. Tighe's Poem.

‡ Constancy.

§ By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
 The song, whose gentle voice was given
 To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
 An echo of her own, in heaven.



FROM THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.*

Cum digno digna. . . .

SULFICIA.

"WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
 "With eye of fire, and foot of air,
 "Whose harp around my altar swells,
 "The sweetest of a thousand shells?"
 "I was thus the deity, who treads
 The arch of heaven, and proudly sheds
 Day from his eyelids — thus he spoke,
 As through my cell his glories broke.

* This poem, as well as a few others in the following volume, formed part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public, but which, luckily, perhaps, for myself, had been interrupted by my visit to America in the year 1808.

Among those impostures in which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most favourite was that of announcing to some fair votary of the shrine, that the God himself had become enamoured of her beauty, and would descend in all his glory, to pay her a visit within the recesses of the fane. An adventure of this description formed an episode in the classic romance which I had sketched out; and the short fragment, given above, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been introduced.

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
 With eyes of fire, and golden hair,
 Aphelia's are the airy feet,
 And hers the harp divinely sweet;
 For foot so light has never trod
 The laurel'd caverns * of the god,
 Nor harp so soft hath ever given
 A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven.

“ Then tell the virgin to unfold,
 “ In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
 “ And bid those eyes more fondly shine
 “ To welcome down a Spouse Divine;
 “ Since He, who lights the path of years —
 “ Even from the fount of morning's tears
 “ To where his setting splendours burn
 “ Upon the western sea-maid's urn —
 “ Doth not, in all his course, behold
 “ Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold.
 “ Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
 “ His lip yet sparkling with the tide
 “ That mantles in Olympian bowls; —
 “ The nectar of eternal souls!
 “ For her, for her he quits the skies,
 “ And to her kiss from nectar flies.
 “ Oh, he would quit his star-thron'd height,
 “ And leave the world to pine for light,

* Αλλ' εἰς δαφνῶδη γυαλα βησομαι ταδε.

EURIPID. *Ion*. v. 76.

"Might he but pass the hours of shade,
"Beside his peerless Delphic maid,
"She, more than earthly woman blest,
"He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep,*
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemm'd with dew:
There oft the greensward's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the recent print
Of many a faun and naiad's feet, —
Scarce touching earth, their step so fleet, —
That there, by moonlight's ray, had trod,
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod.
"There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
"And the dim orb of lunar souls †
"Along its shadowy pathway rolls —
"There shall we meet, — and not ev'n He,
"The God who reigns immortally,

* The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

† It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes, in the same manner, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

“Where Babel’s turrets paint their pride
“Upon th’ Euphrates’ shining tide, — *
“Not ev’n when to his midnight loves
“In mystic majesty he moves,
“Lighted by many an odorous fire,
“And hymn’d by all Chaldæa’s choir, —
“E’er yet, o’er mortal brow, let shine
“Such effluence of Love Divine
“As shall to-night, blest maid, o’er thine.”

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows
To break for heaven her virgin vows!
Happy the maid! — her robe of shame
Is whiten’d by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!

* The temple of Jupiter Belus, at Babylon; in one of whose towers there was a large chapel set apart for these celestial assignations. “No man is allowed to sleep here,” says Herodotus; “but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldæan priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite.” Lib. i. cap. 181.

FRAGMENT.

PITY me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me.
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which *was* my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charm'd its every grief away,
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye.
While my brain maddens, where, oh, where
Is that serene consoling pray'r,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Hath seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away
And ev'n the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen.



THE KISS.

GROW to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Fly, swift as breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul
Come blushing to this ardent breast.

Then, while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all enamour'd sink
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"



SONG.

THINK on that look whose melting ray
For one sweet moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think on thy ev'ry smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
Nor tell me it is sin to love.

Oh, *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Fate's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I am destin'd to be won!

THE CATALOGUE.

"COME, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing and kist,
One day she reclin'd on my breast ;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
"Of the nymphs you have lov'd and carest." —
Oh Rosa ! 't was only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free ;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee.

My tutor was Kitty ; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest ;
She taught me to love her, I lov'd like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow :
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now.

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance.
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight ;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
 Again I was tempted to rove ;
 But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books
 That she gave me more logic than love.
 So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
 To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
 Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
 And convince us at once with a kiss.

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
 But Susan was piously given ;
 And the worst of it was, we could never agree
 On the road that was shortest to Heaven.
 "Oh, Susan!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,
 "What's devotion to thee or to me ?
 "I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
 "And believe that that heaven's in *thee*!"



IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulla, desinas ineptire, etc.

CEASE the sighing fool to play ;
 Cease to trifle life away ;
 Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
 Which all, alas, have falsely flown.
 What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
 How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,

When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet —
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.

Ye met — your souls seem'd all in one,
Like tapers that commingling shone ;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, in truth, was nothing loath.

Such were the hours that once were thine ;
But, ah ! those hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so much before ;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too ;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid ! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery ;
The heyday of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more.

Fly, perjur'd girl ! — but whither fly ?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye ?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own ?
Oh, none : — and he who lov'd before,
Can never, never love thee more.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"

St. JOHN, chap. viii.

OH woman, if through sinful wile
 Thy soul hath stray'd from honour's track,
 'Tis mercy only can beguile,
 By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
 Wash'd by those tears, not long will stay;
 As clouds that sully morning skies
 May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go, be innocent, — and live;
 The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
 But Heav'n in pity can forgive,
 And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"



NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
 When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
 The mermaids, with their tresses green,
 Dancing upon the western billow:
 If you have seen, at twilight dim,
 When the lone spirit's vesper hymn

Floats wild along the winding shore,
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green : —

If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me, what a deal you've seen !



EPIGRAM,

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss (says Prue),
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true ;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.



ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine.
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine* !

TO

Morì pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser
un Angelo.*

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see —
The voice we hear — and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!



TO ROSA.

A far conserva e cumulo d'amanti.

Past. Fid.

AND are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I will calm my jealous breast
Will learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the
beautiful Nun at Murano. — *See his Life.*

But if your heart be *not* so free, —
Oh ! if another share that heart,
Tell not the hateful tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you "false as hell,"
Than find you to be all divine, —
Than know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine !



TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle :
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle* !



TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heav'nly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When list'ning to the spheres above !

When, tir'd of life and misery
I wish to sigh my latest breath,

Oh, Emma ! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heav'nly softness play,
Which, — ah ! forgive a mind that's weak, —
So oft has stol'n my mind away ;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss :
I'll gaze and die — Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this ?



SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ———
WRITTEN IN IRELAND. 1799.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
Hath kindled with the light of pleasure,
An hour like this I ne'er was given,
So full of friendship's purest blisses ;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is.
Then come, my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever ;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever !

Oh ! banish ev'ry thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion ;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll ev'n for once forget the Union !
On that let statesmen try their pow'rs,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for ;
The union of the soul be ours,
And ev'ry union else we sigh for
Then come, my friends, etc.

In ev'ry eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing ;
From ev'ry soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing.
Oh ! could such moments ever fly ;
Oh ! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em ;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.
Then come, my friends, etc.

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving ;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving ;
This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover ;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over !
Then come, my friends, etc.

SONG.*

MARY, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Fare thee well.

Few have ever lov'd like me, —
Yes, I have lov'd thee too sincerely !
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee, —
Alas ! deceiv'd me too severely.

Fare thee well ! — yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.
Fare thee well ! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken ! —
Fare thee well !

* These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. AT — NS — N, ESQ., M. R. I. A.

THOUGH long at school and college dozing,
O'er books of verse and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for making sages ;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule ;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for heav'n or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take :
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
With so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I've only learn'd *to doubt* at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,

That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow : —
“ Reason alone must claim direction,
“ And Apathy’s the soul’s perfection.
“ Like a dull lake the heart must lie ;
“ Nor passion’s gale nor pleasure’s sigh,
“ Though Heav’n the breeze, the breath, supplied,
“ Must curl the wave or swell the tide ! ”

Such was the rigid Zeno’s plan
To form his philosophic man ;
Such were the modes *he* taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind ;
They tore from thence some weeds, ’t is true,
But all the flow’rs were ravaged too !

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené’s sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen’d zone,
Usurp’d the philosophic throne, —
Hear what the courtly sage’s * tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung : —
“ Pleasure’s the only noble end
“ To which all human pow’rs should tend,
“ And Virtue gives her heav’nly lore,
“ But to make Pleasure please us more.
“ Wisdom and she were both design’d
“ To make the senses more refin’d,

* Aristippus.

“ That man might revel, free from cloying,
“ Then most a sage when most enjoying ! ”

Is this morality ? — Oh, no !
Ev’n I a wiser path could show.
The flow’r within this vase confin’d,
The pure, the unfading flow’r of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay :
No, no, — its richest breath should rise
In virtue’s incense to the skies.

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watchwords of morality :
Some cry out Venus, others Jove ;
Here ’tis Religion, there ’tis Love.
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder :
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term ;
While thus they strive, in Heaven’s defiance,
To chain morality with science ;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whisp’ring in his breast ;
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart.
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know

That Epictetus blam'd that tear,
By Heav'n approv'd, to virtue dear!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While Nature, wak'ning from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to sep'rate hue from hue.
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heav'n and nature claim the heart;
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go — measure *angles of refraction*.
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each daybeam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wak'ning his world with looks of love!

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then !

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong ;
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heav'nly song !

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The numbers it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from pity's soul.

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose.

And when young lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss that Lyre was near,
It made their accents all its own,
And sent forth notes that heav'n might hear.

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
But dar'd not tell the world how well :
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole,
When the first star announc'd the night, —
With him who claim'd her inmost soul,
To wander by that soothing light.

It chanc'd that, in the fairy bower
Where blest they wooed each other's smile,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power.
Hung whisp'ring o'er their heads the while.

And as, with eyes commingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for the maiden's brow :

And, while the melting words she breath'd
Were by its echoes wafted round,
Her locks had with the chords so wreath'd,
One knew not which gave forth the sound.

Alas, their hearts but little thought,
While thus they talk'd the hours away,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Would linger long, and long betray.

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswer'd stole,
Nor words it breath'd but theirs alone.

Unhappy nymph ! thy name was sung
To every breeze that wander'd by ;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
Were breath'd in song to earth and sky.

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand
Hung high amid the whisp'ring groves,
To every gale by which 't was fann'd,
Proclaimed the mystery of your loves.

Nor long thus rudely was thy name
To earth's derisive echoes given ;
Some pitying spirit downward came,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven.

There, freed from earth's unholy wrongs,
Both happy in Love's home shall be ;
Thou, uttering nought but seraph songs,
And that sweet Lyre still echoing thee !



PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WAR.

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest ?
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
Honour's eye and Pity's breast ?

Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather
Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through our blessed isle.
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is their hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guests so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light; —

Soothing light, that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguin'd way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray.
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true;
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breath'd to me ;
Yet, no — it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee.

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth imprest ;
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest.

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine ;
Yet, no — allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruined mine.



LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.*

'T WAS in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That — who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

* Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's *Études de la Nature*.

Love told his dream of yesternight,
 While Reason talked about the weather;
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
 While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
 And from her portly figure threw
 A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
 Should find that sunny morning chill,
 For still the shadow Reason cast
 Fell o'er the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
 Or find a pathway not so dim,
 For still the maid's gigantic form
 Would stalk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love —
 "The sun was made for more than you."
 So, turning through a myrtle grove,
 He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
 O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
 In every breeze inhaling joy,
 And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the sultry plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with healthy bloom he smil'd —
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear ;
 While in these arms you lie,
 This world hath not a wish, a fear,
 That ought to cost that eye a tear,
 That heart, one single sigh.

The world ! — ah, Fanny, Love must shun
 The paths where many rove ;
 One bosom to recline upon,
 One heart to be his only-one,
 Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here
 Between your arms and mine ?
 Is there, on earth, a space so dear
 As that within the happy sphere
 Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
 Adown your temples curl'd,
 Within whose glossy, tangling net,
 My soul doth not, at once, forget
 All, all this worthless world.

'Tis in those eyes, so full of love,
 My only worlds I see ;
 Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
 And earth below and skies above
 May frown or smile for me.

ASPASIA.

'T WAS in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met ; and Learning smil'd
With pleasure on the playful child,
Who often stole, to find a nest
Within the folds of Learning's vest.

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time, when laws of state,
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snow-white arms !

Blest times ! they could not always last —
And yet, ev'n now, they *are* not past.
Though we have lost the giant mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While beauty breathes through soul or frame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies !

No, Fanny, love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away ;

Give but the universe a soul
 Attun'd to woman's soft control,
 And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
 To wield a universe at will.



THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE
 BLESSED ISLANDS.*

TO HER LOVER.

—ήχι τε καλος

Πυθαγορης, οσσοι τε χορον στηριξαν ερωτος.

Απολλων περι Πλωτινου. *Oracul. Metric. a Joann.*
Opus. collecta.

WAS it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
 That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
 Scarce had'st thou left me, when a dream of night
 Came o'er my spirit so distinct and bright,
 That, while I yet can vividly recall
 Its witching wonders, thou shalt hear them all.
 Methought I saw, upon the lunar beam,
 Two winged boys, such as thy muse might dream,
 Descending from above, at that still hour,
 And gliding, with smooth step, into my bower.

* It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word *Ωκεανος* was sometimes synonymous with *αηρ*, and death was not unfrequently called *Ωκεανου πορος*, or "the passage of the ocean."

Fair as the beauteous spirits that, all day,
In Amatha's warm founts imprison'd stay,*
But rise at midnight, from th' enchanted rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill.

At once I knew their mission ; — 't was to bear
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,
To that elysian realm, from whence stray beams
So oft, in sleep, had visited my dreams.
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties, that clung
All earthly round me, and aloft I sprung ;
While, heav'nward guides, the little genii flew
Thro' paths of light, refresh'd by heaven's own dew,
And fann'd by airs still fragrant with the breath
Of cloudless climes and worlds that know not death.

Thou know'st, that, far beyond our nether sky,
And shown but dimly to man's erring eye,
A mighty ocean of blue ether rolls,†
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the chosen souls,
Who've pass'd in lore and love their earthly hours,
Repose for ever in unfading bowers.

* Eunapius, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara.

† This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves.

That very moon, whose solitary light
 So often guides thee to my bower at night,
 Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
 Floating in splendour through those seas above,
 And peopled with bright forms, aerial grown,
 Nor knowing aught of earth but love alone.
 Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way:—
 Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
 While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
 Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest.
 Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,
 Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;
 There still Leontium,* on her sage's breast,
 Found lore and love, was tutor'd and carest;
 And there the clasp of Pythia's † gentle arms
 Repaid the zeal which deified her charms.
 The Attic Master, ‡ in Aspasia's eyes,
 Forgot the yoke of less endearing ties;
 While fair Theano, § innocently fair,
 Wreath'd playfully her Samian's flowing hair, ||

* The pupil and mistress of Epicurus.

† Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the Goddess Ceres.

‡ Socrates.

§ There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, etc.

|| Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair

Whose soul now fix'd, its transmigrations past,
Found in those arms a resting-place, at last ;
And smiling own'd, whate'er his dreamy thought
In mystic numbers long had vainly sought,
The One that's form'd of Two whom love hath bound,
Is the best number gods or men e'er found.

But think, my Theon, with what joy I thrill'd,
When near a fount, which through the valley rill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine
That, oh ! 'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee.
No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish or embassy desires ;
But by a power, to spirits only given,
A deep, mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies.

Oh, my beloved, how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet !
Like him, the river-god,* whose waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,

* The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa.

Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd his current, as an offering meet
To lay at Arethusa's shining feet.
Think, when he meets at last his fountain-bride,
What perfect love must thrill the blended tide!
Each lost in each, till, mingling into one,
Their lot the same for shadow or for sun,
A type of true love, to the deep they run.
'T was thus —

But, Theon, 'tis an endless theme,
And thou grow'st weary of my half-told dream.
Oh would, my love, we were together now,
And I would woo sweet patience to thy brow,
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspir'd by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath fancifully wove.
But no; no more — soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall have died away,
I'll come, and, while love's planet in the west
Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the rest.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me ;
And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue, —
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However much I've rav'd about it ;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To — do without you altogether.



THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee too a flowery wreath ;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is form'd of golden threads,
 Bright as Minerva's yellow hair,
 When the last beam of evening sheds
 Its calm and sober lustre there.
 The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
 With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
 And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
 To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
 Which answers when the tongue is loath,
 Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
 And spread'st thy playful hands for both.
 Ah! — if there were not something wrong,
 The world would see them blended oft;
 The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
 The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
 Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
 Sweet fetters for my love and me.

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
 That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
 When mingled thus they cease to shine,
 Or shine but for a transient season.
 Whether the Chain may press too much,
 Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
 Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
 And all their bloom, their glow is faded!

Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

THE timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Across her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's brightest rose
Gave one of its love-breathing sighs —
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose,
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes?
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
"The tie to bind my soul to thee."

TO

AND hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
Midst all the joys, beloved maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
The bright looks that before me shine;
For never throbb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery, like mine.

When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost not lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast; —

Yes, — these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awak'd its witching powers,
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest.

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
Upon his words thine ear hath hung,
With transport all as purely felt.

For him — yet why the past recall,
To damp and wither present bliss?
Thou'rt now my own, heart, spirit, all,
And heaven could grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
Love should have kept that leaf alone
On which he first so brightly trac'd
That thou wert, soul and all, my own.

TO 'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,
No more will let thee soothe my pain ;
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again.

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign.

Yet go — and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me calm and free ;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit that my heart then knew —
Yet, no, 'tis vain — go, picture, go —
Smile at me once, and then — adieu !

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO
LOVE.*

BLEST infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee.

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died.

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping,—
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping.

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said, "tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia."

But look, what glory through the darkness beams !
 Celestial airs along the water glide : —
 What Spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
 So beautiful? oh, not of earth,
 But, in that glowing hour, the birth
 Of the young Godhead's own creative dreams.
 'Tis she !

Psyche, the firstborn spirit of the air.
 To thee, oh Love, she turns,
 On thee her eyebeam burns :
 Blest hour, before all worlds ordain'd to be !
 They meet —
 The blooming god — the spirit fair
 Meet in communion sweet.

Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine ;
 All nature feels the thrill divine,
 The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
 And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn !



TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
 Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd, '
 And o'er the kindling canvas tell
 The silent story of the mind ;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade ; —

Yes, these are Painting's proudest powers ;
The gift, by which her art divine
Above all others proudly towers, —
And these, oh Prince ! are richly thine.

And yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
In almost living truth exprest,
This bright memorial of a face
On which her eye delights to rest ;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
The eye that tells the bosom's truth ;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
Our eyes with lingering pleasure rove,
Blessing the touch whose various hue
Thus brings to mind the form we love ;

We feel the magic of thy art,
And own it with a zest, a zeal,
A pleasure, nearer to the heart,
Than critic taste can *ever* feel.

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

'T WAS on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay ;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power.
At nature's dawning hour,
Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul.*
Around,
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles,
(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,
And with rich fragrance all their bosoms fill'd,)
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd.

All, all was luxury !
All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles.

* This is a Platonic fancy. The philosopher supposes, in his Timæus, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls, in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid.

His locks divine
 Were crown'd
 With a bright meteor-braid,
 Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
 Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
 And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd :
 While mid the foliage hung,
 Like lucid grapes,
 A thousand clustering buds of light,
 Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy.

Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
 Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
 Her beauty's dawn,
 And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
 Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
 The captive deity
 Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,
 With looks of ecstasy.
 Now, on his arm,
 In blushes she repos'd,
 And, while he gazed on each bright charm,
 To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance
 stole.

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
 The nectar'd wave
 Lyæus gave,
 And from her eyelids, half-way clos'd,
 Sent forth a melting gleam,

Which fell like sun-beams in the bowl—
 While her bright hair in many flow
 Of gold descending
 Adorned her neck & incensed glow.
 Hung o'er the golden side,
 And was reflected in its crystal tide,
 Like a bright cyprus flower.
 Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour
 With roses of Cyrene blending,*
 Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery stream.

The Olympian cup
 Shone in the hands
 Of Emptied Hate, as she wing'd her feet
 Up
 The empyreal mount.
 To drain the soul-drops as their stellar fount:†
 And still
 As the resplendent rill
 Gushed forth into the cup with mantling heat,
 Her watchful care
 Was still to cool its liquid fire
 With snow-white sprinklings of that feathery
 air
 The children of the Pole respire,

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant.

† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence — "Scintilla stellaris essentia." — MACROBIUS, in *Somn. Scip.* lib. i. cap. 14.

In those enchanted lands,*
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never
blow.

But oh !
Bright Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy feet along the studded sphere,
With a bright cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that shone beneath thy tread,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss those matchless feet,
Check'd thy career too fleet ;
And all heaven's host of eyes
Entranc'd, but fearful all,
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall
Upon the bright floor of the azure skies ;
Where, mid its stars, thy beauty lay,
As blossom, shaken from the spray
Of a spring thorn
Lies mid the liquid sparkles of the morn.

* The country of the Hyperboreans. These people were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, etc. etc. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions.

Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The worshippers of Beauty's queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine.

The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sported mid the tresses unconfined
Of her bright hair,
Now, as she fell, — oh wanton breeze!
Ruffled the robe, whose graceful flow
Hung o'er those limbs of unsunn'd snow,
Purely as the Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the Mysteries!

The brow of Juno flush'd —
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd;
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye looked laughing through the strings.

But the bright cup? the nectar'd draught
Which Jove himself was to have quaff'd?
Alas, alas, upturn'd it lay
By the fall'n Hebe's side;
While, in slow lingering drops, th' ethereal tide,
As conscious of its own rich essence, ebb'd away.

Who was the Spirit that remember'd Man
In that blest hour,
And, with a wing of love,

Brush'd off the goblet's scatter'd tears,
As, trembling near the edge of heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below? *

Essence of immortality!

The shower

Fell glowing through the spheres;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New odours and new light,
Enrich'd its radiant flow.

Now, with a liquid kiss,
It stole along the thrilling wire
Of Heaven's luminous Lyre,†
Stealing the soul of music in its flight:
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole.
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld this rosy flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas some planet, whose empyreal frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright!

The youthful Day,
Within his twilight bower,

* In the *Geoponica*, lib. ii. cap. 17., there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth.

† The constellation *Lyra*.

Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower ;*
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed.
But, when the waking boy
Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy ! —
The tide divine,
All glorious with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE !
Blest be the sod, and blest the flower
On which descended first that shower,
All fresh from Jove's nectareous springs ; —
Oh, far less sweet the flower, the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the Rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar God !*

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating this flower to Osiris, or the sun.

† The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated.

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὡςπερ σφραγίδες τα φίληματα.

ACHILLES TATIUS, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
 "The charm is broken! — once betray'd,
 "Never can this wrong'd heart rely
 "On word or look, on oath or sigh.
 "Take back the gifts, so fondly given,
 "With promis'd faith and vows to heaven;
 "That little ring which, night and morn,
 "With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
 "That seal which oft, in moments blest,
 "Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
 "And sworn its sacred spring should be
 "A fountain seal'd * for only thee:
 "Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
 "All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

I took the ring — the seal I took,
 While, oh, her every tear and look

* "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain, which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door to keep them for his own drinking." — *Maundrell's Travels*. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled.
Gently I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!
"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the kisses given,
"From morn to noon, from noon to even, —
"Those signets of true love, worth more
"Than Solomon's own seal of yore, —
"Where are those gifts, so sweet, so many?
"Come, dearest, — give back all, if any."

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,
Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet in mid-air hangs the dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine;
One kiss was half allowed, and then —
The ring and seal were hers again.

TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
 A song, like those thy lip hath given,
 And it was sung by shapes of light,
 Who look'd and breath'd, like thee, of heaven.

But this was all a dream of sleep,
 And I have said, when morning shone,
 "Why should the night-witch, Fancy, keep
 "These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
 Such tones to one of mortal birth;
 I knew not then that Heaven had sent
 A voice, a form like thine on earth.

And yet, in all that flowery maze
 Through which my path of life has led,
 When I have heard the sweetest lays
 From lips of rosiest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
 From Beauty's lip, in sweetness vying
 With music's own melodious bird,
 When on the rose's bosom lying;

* The present Duchess of Hamilton.

Though form and song at once combin'd
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my ear hath pin'd
For something lovelier, softer still :—

Oh, I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul of song e'er pass'd,
Or feeling breath'd its sacred fire.

All that I e'er, in wildest flight
Of fancy's dreams, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's light
Is realiz'd, at once, in thee !

IMPROMPTU.

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valetе cœtus !

CATULLUS.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted ;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the light of memory found
Alive within your social glass ;
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which Oblivion dares not pass.



A WARNING.

TO

OH fair as heaven and chaste as light !
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst e'er be brought to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead ?

No, no ! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity.
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of light such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore.
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose mind and form were both array'd
In nature's purest light, like thine ; —
Who wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care :

Whose bosom too, like Dian's own,
Was guarded by a sacred zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes had, in their light, a charm
Against all wrong, and guile, and harm.
Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,
These spells have lost their guardian power;
The gem has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The modest pride, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind;
The ruins of a once pure shrine,
No longer fit for guest divine.
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see —
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

TO

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One minute's thought to stray from thee.

Oh! thou becom'st each moment dearer;
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer, —
I am lost, unless I fly thee.

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Doom me not thus so soon to fall;
Duties, fame, and hopes await me, —
But that eye would blast them all!

For, thou hast heart as false and cold
As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And couldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made.

Yet, — *could* I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Ev'n as thou art, how far beyond
Fame, duty, wealth, that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd.

But no, 'tis o'er, and — thus we part,
Never to meet again, — no, never.
False woman, what a mind and heart
Thy treachery has undone for ever!

WOMAN.

AWAY, away — you're all the same,
A smiling, fluttering, jilting throng;
And, wise too late, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long.

Slow to be won, and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both;

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign, —
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.

Away, away — your smile's a curse —
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven, by death or worse,
If e'er I love such things again.

TO

Νοσσεῖ τ' αὐτὰ φιλτάτα.

EURIPIDES.

COME, take thy harp — 'tis vain to muse
 Upon the gathering ills we see;
 Oh! take thy harp and let me lose
 All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love! — though death were near,
 Thy song could make my soul forget —
 Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
 All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowy arm
 Once more upon the dear harp lie,
 And I will cease to dream of harm,
 Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
 We us'd to love long, long ago,
 Before our hearts had known as much
 As now, alas! they bleed to know.

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
 Of all that look'd so smiling then,
 Now vanish'd, lost — oh pray thee, cease,
 I cannot bear those sounds again.

Art *thou*, too, wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine —
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'T is breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'T WAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man; * a healthy bloom
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; and, when he spoke,
'T was language sweeten'd into song — such holy
sounds
As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous hear,
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh; † and still, as he unclos'd
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place. From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

† The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air.

That blossom in elysium, breath'd around.
 With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
 Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
 O'er Nature's form, till, long explored by man,
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And glimpses of that heavenly form shone through:—
 Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
 By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
 Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore ; *
 And gathering round him, in the sacred ark,
 The mighty secrets of that former globe,
 Let not the living star of science † sink
 Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd a world !—
 Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
 To him, ‡ who trac'd upon his typic lyre
 The diapason of man's mingled frame,
 And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven.

* Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham.

† Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pro Deo nabitum. — *Bochart. Geograph. Sacr.* lib. iv. cap. 1.

‡ Orpheus. — Paulinus, in his *Hebdomades*, cap. 2. lib. iii. has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body.

With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
 Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
 Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
 Of Carmel's sacred mount.* — Then, in a flow
 Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
 Through many a maze of Garden and of Porch,
 Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
 Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
 From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
 Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,†
 And bright through every change! — he spoke of
 Him,
 The lone,‡ eternal One, who dwells above,
 And of the soul's untraceable descent
 From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
 Of intellectual being, till it mix
 With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
 Nor yet ev'n then, though sunk in earthly dross,

* Pythagoras is represented in Iamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phœnicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses.

† Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis." — *Inst. lib. vi. c. 7.*

‡ Το μονον και ερημον.

Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still.
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to take at once its briny taint,
But keeps unchanged awhile the lustrous tinge,
Or balmy freshness, of the scenes it left.*

And here the old man ceased — a winged train
Of nymphs and genii bore him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I wak'd,
'Twas clear that my rapt soul had roamed, the while,
To that bright realm of dreams, that spirit-world,
Which mortals know by its long track of light
O'er midnight's sky, and call the Galaxy.†



TO MRS.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee still each day the same;
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear
To me still ever kind and dear ; —

* This bold Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's *Cérém. Relig.* tom. iv.

† According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy.

To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she us'd to touch?
The airs, the songs she lov'd so much?
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast.
Yet, no — the simple notes I play'd
From memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.

TO LADY HEATHCOTE,

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

"Tunnebridge est à la meme distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie," etc. etc.

See *Mémoires de Grammont*, Second Part. chap. iii.

Tunbridge Wells

WHEN Grammont grac'd these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles ;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you.

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because, — as yet, she knew no better.

Each night they held a coterie,
Where, every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd.

Then call'd they up their schoolday pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As — "Why are husbands like the mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is but to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a rose in nettles hid
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because 't is sighing to be rid
Of *weeds*, that "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they parried;
And some lay in of full grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'T was one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum-rites,
Or punning ill, or — some such thing: —

From whence it can be fairly trac'd,
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then, to you
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs *ironical*,
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers.

Let no pedantic fools be there ;
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, heaven knows ! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the young, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS.

A FRAGMENT.

Τι κακὸν ὁ γέλως;

CHRYSOST. *Homil. in Epist. ad Hebræos.*

* * *

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,
 These rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
 With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
 Led my truant brains a dancing?
 Instead of studying tomes scholastic,
 Ecclesiastic, or monastic,
 Off I fly, careering far
 In chase of Pollys, prettier far
 Than any of their namesakes are, —
 The Polymaths and Polyhistor,
 Polyglots and all their sisters.
 So have I known a hopeful youth
 Sit down in quest of lore and truth,
 With tomes sufficient to confound him,
 Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him, —
 Mamurra* stuck to Theophrastus,
 And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus.†

* Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father. — "Nullâ de re unquam præterquam de patre dubitavit."

† Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus.

When lo ! while all that's learn'd and wise
 Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
 And through the window of his study
 Beholds some damsel fair and ruddy,
 With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as
 The angel's * were on Hieronymus.
 Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
 Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,
 And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just in
 The reverend eye of St. Augustin.
 Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
 Oh woman, for thy lovelier page :
 Sweet book ! — unlike the books of art, —
 Whose errors are thy fairest part ;
 In whom the dear errata column
 Is the best page in all the volume ! †

* The angel, who scolded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his "*Concordantia discordantium Canonum*," and says, that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics: "*Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat.*" — *Distinct.* 37.

† The idea of the Rabbins, respecting the origin of woman, is not a little singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded : —

If such is the tie between women and men,
 The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
 For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
 And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself.
 Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
 Every husband remembers th' original plan,
 And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
 Why he — leaves her behind him as much as he can.

But to begin my subject rhyme —
 'Twas just about this devilish time,
 When scarce there happen'd any frolics
 That were not done by Diabolics,
 A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
 Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use of her,
 A branch of Dagon's family,
 (Which Dagon, whether He or She,
 Is a dispute that vastly better is
 Referr'd to Scaliger * *et cæteris*,)
 Finding that, in this cage of fools,
 The wisest sots adorn the schools,
 Took it at once his head Satanic in,
 To grow a great scholastic manikin, —
 A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
 Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,
 Lully, Hales Irrefragabilis,
 Or any doctor of the rabble is.
 In languages †, the Polyglots,
 Compar'd to him, were Babel sots ;

* Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor. — Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red Sea, to teach the Syrians husbandry.

† The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language: —

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
 Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.
 Since Val arriv'd in Pluto's shade,
 His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,
 Pluto himself would be afraid
 To say his soul's his own, in Latin !

He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
 Sanhedrim and Priest included,
 Priest and holy Sanhedrim
 Were one-and-seventy fools to him.
 But chief the learned demon felt a
 Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
 That, all for Greek and learning's glory,
 He nightly tiptoed "Græco more,"
 And never paid a bill or balance
 Except upon the Grecian Kalends: — [tick,
 From whence your scholars, when they want
 Say, to be *Attic's* to be *on tick*,
 In logics, he was quite *Ho Panu*; *
 Knew as much as ever man knew.
 He fought the combat syllogistic
 With so much skill and art eristic,
 That though you were the learned Stagirite,
 At once upon the hip he had you right.
 In music, though he had no ears
 Except for that amongst the spheres,

* 'Ο *πανν*. — The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model: —

Ου γὰρ μοι θεμὺς ἐστὶν ἰν ἡσ regionε μὲνοντι
 Ἀξίον ἀβ nostris ἐπιδένεα εἶσε καμπηναῖς.

Ronsard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon. His "*chère Entelechie*," in addressing his mistress, can only be equalled by Cowley's "*Antiperistasis*."

(Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
 He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it,)
 Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
 Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
 And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
 The ratios of a jig or aria.
 But, as for all your warbling Delias,
 Orpheuses and Saint Cecílias,
 He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
 By that redoubted Hyaloclast *
 Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
 Where'er he went to crack a bottle.

Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
 On things unknown in physiology,
 Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
 (Like that great little man Albertus,)
 Wherein he show'd the reason why,
 When children first are heard to cry,
 If boy the baby chance to be,
 He cries O A! — if girl, O E! —
 Which are, quoth he, exceeding fair hints
 Respecting their first sinful parents;
 "Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
 While little master cries "Oh Adam!" †

* Or Glass-Breaker — Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work, published 1682, — "De vitreo scypho fracto," etc.

† Translated almost literally from a passage in *Albertus de Secretis*, etc.

But, 't was in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks.
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor ;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and clear reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze
Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon.
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which these noted picture-stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd great good breeding ;
For instance, when we ogle women
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again ! *

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omniscieny,
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within ?)

* Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.

To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible
Prose, which had been at learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,
The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw what fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad!
Epics he wrote and scores of rebuses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer-books — oh! 't were tedious
Did I but tell thee half, to follow me:
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No — nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank heaven! have miss'd
us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a wareroom
As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * * * *

END OF VOLUME I.













12-1

